MATURITY WITH CLASS CHIRON RISING ISSUE 60 $5.95

CR

RED-HOT HERMAN THE GERMAN

MATURE, BURLY AUSSIES

SILVER FOX HUNTING IN L.A., PALM SPRINGS AND LAGUNA BEACH

EXOCET ON THE LATEST MATURE MEN VIDEOS

WRITERS DONALD VINING FLORES, CASSADY SERGEANT JOE, ELMO BRECKENRIDGE AND FINNEY & JOHN

THE PAPA OF ALL FORUMS

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ADULTS ONLY

HERBERT TAREYTON
PHOTO: BLITZER

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ISSUE 60

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FEATURES

22 . . . THE POETRY OF DONALD VINING
To an aged mate, naked for his bath.
23 . . . MY LOVE . . . a tribute by FLORES
Coping with the loss of your best friend.
26 . . . A MATTER OF MATURITY . . . fiction by MARSH CASSADY
Acquiring the wisdom of age.
39 . . . UNTIL DEATH DO US PART . . . a true love story by SERGEANT JOE
Reliving the pain and the ecstasy.
44 . . . THE BIG FOUR-0 . . . fiction by ROY ELMO
Getting through a difficult birthday with dignity.
50 . . . A CHANCE ENCOUNTER . . . fiction by D.W. BRECKENRIDGE
One fateful day in the Chicago of yesterday.

DEPARTMENTS

9 . . . FORUM
Your letters, friendly and otherwise.
16 . . . ANNOUNCEMENTS, NEWS ITEMS AND OTHER REVELATIONS
The good, the lurid and the ugly.
20 . . . GUIDE TO SILVER FOX HUNTING
Looking for big game in Los Angeles, Palm Springs and Laguna Beach.
28 . . . PROFILES OF OUR MODELS AND ARTISTS
30 . . . VIDEOS WITH EXOCET
The latest from P.R. SIMON, MAXIMUM DENSITY and 40+
34 . . . THE CR CLASSIFIEDS
54 . . . THE FINAL WORD

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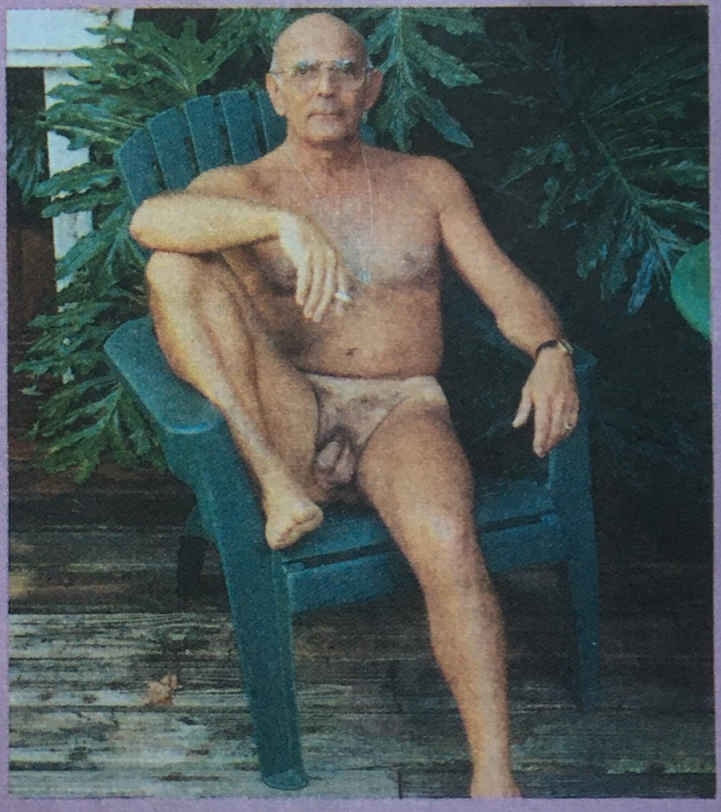
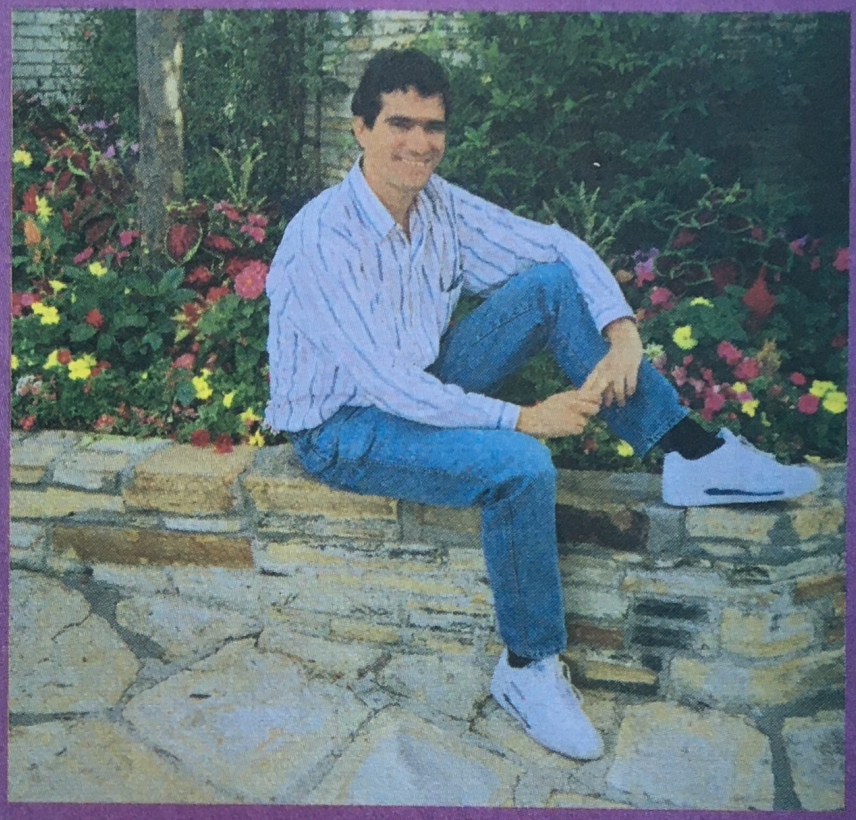
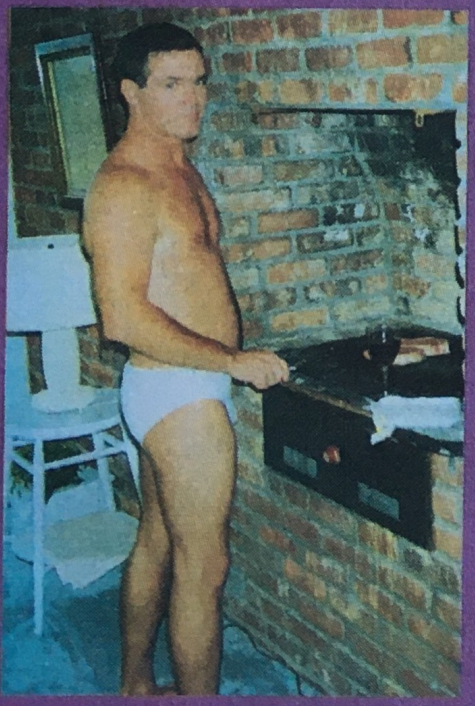
CR IS A CELEBRATION OF THE MATURE MAN IN ALL HIS MANY SIZES, COLORS AND SEXUAL ORIENTATIONS. OUR GOALS ARE TO PUBLISH THE FINEST ADULT ENTERTAINMENT OF INTEREST TO THE MATURE MAN AND HIS MANY ADMIRERS AND TO PROVIDE OUR READERS WITH A CONTACT NETWORK THROUGH WHICH THEY MAY ENRICH THEIR LIVES WITH NEW FRIENDS, LIFEMATES AND A SENSE OF RENEWED DIGNITY AND BELONGING.

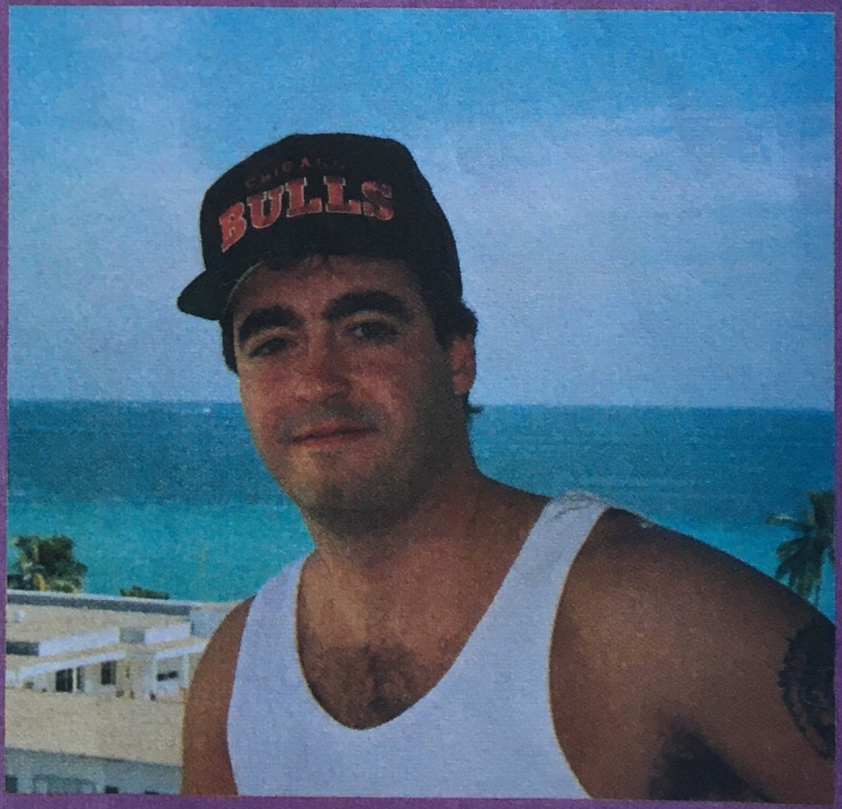
SENIOR NUDES



Left to right - Top: **PLOVER** - photo by QUETZAL; **JOE** and **UNICORN** - photo by HARRY. Bottom: **ERNIE BABY** - photo by PALO VERDE PAL; **THE SHEIK** - photo by TOM P.

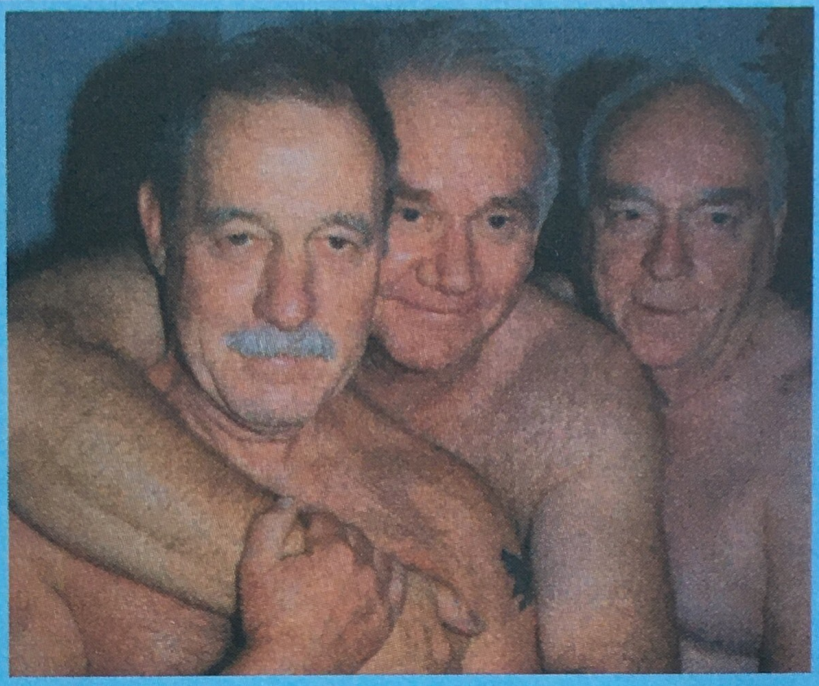




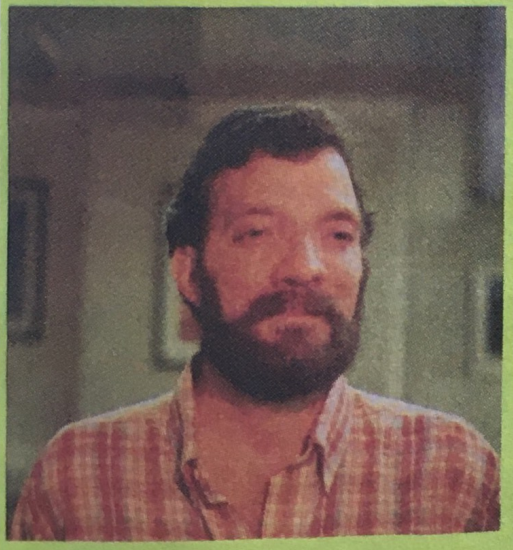


Top, left to right: **SPARTACUS** - photo by ICARUS; **BABY BANKER** - photo by KIDAL
BUMBUM. Bottom, left to right: **J.B.** - photo by P.J.; **CYGNUS** - photo by J.K.

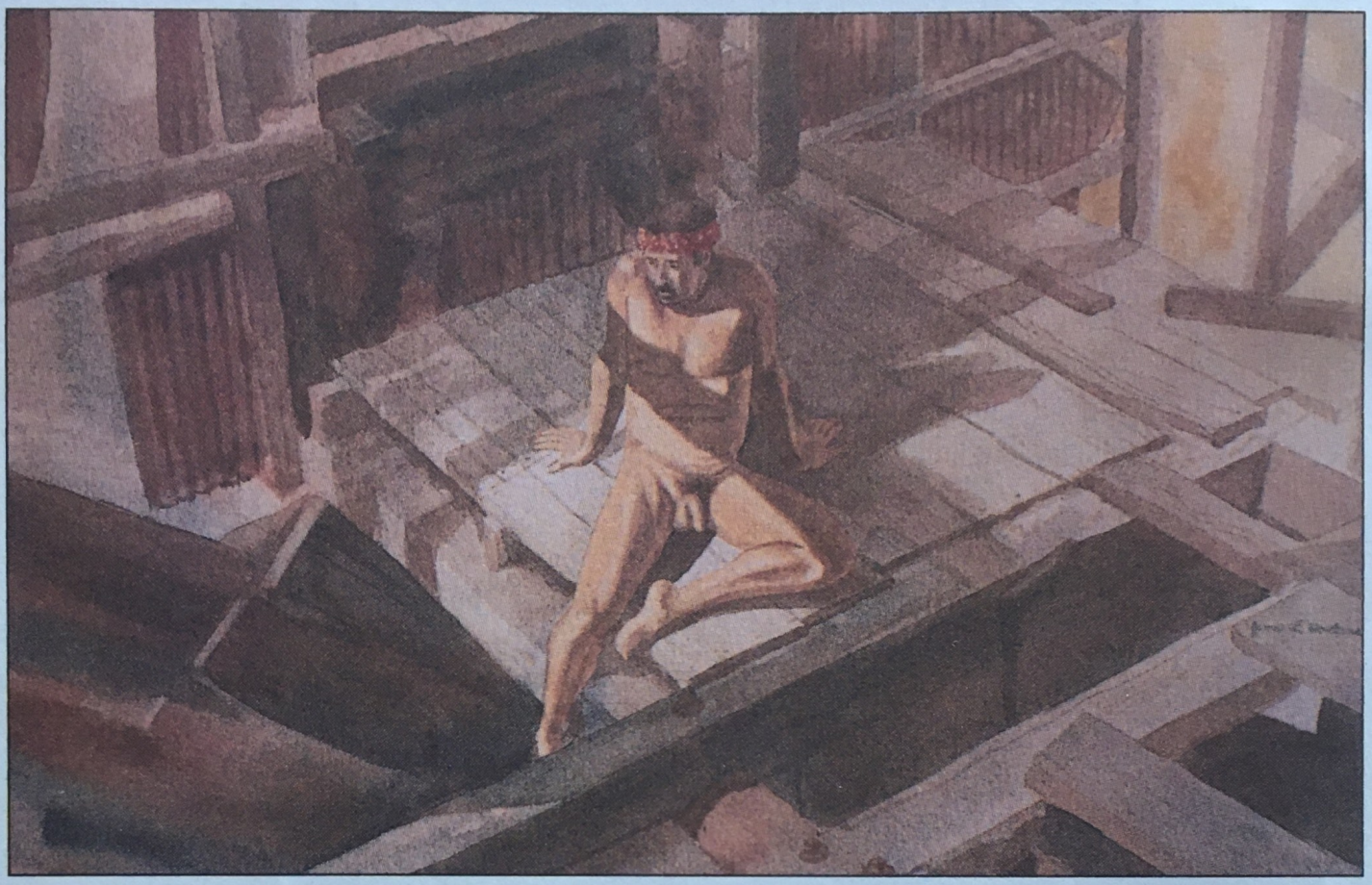
THE STARS OF P.R. SIMON'S "DADDY VIDEO VOLUME IV"



Top, left to right: **JIM NASIUM, ZIPPER, NIPPER**. Bottom, left to right: **HARLAN CHRISTIANSON; JEFF WHITE**
- All photography by P.R. SIMON PRODUCTIONS



Top : **PETERBUILT** - photo by LEN. Bottom, left to right: **JACK WELLS** - photo by G.L.M.; **POLAR BEAR** - photo by BUFORD; **MERLIN** - photo by TOMCAT



FORUM

GROUPIES

I am an admirer of older men and enjoy reading your mag from cover to cover. Of course I have to stop for a breather after flipping through page after page of gorgeous models. I attended your gathering in Orlando and left with a good feeling about your organization. Although I did not attend any of your functions, I met many of your subscribers and felt as though I was a part of your gargantuan family of warm-hearted souls. I do not subscribe to your magazine because I can pick it up at my local bookstore, but I have the clerk put aside a copy so I can be assured a look at your new material, edition after glorious edition. O & R, South Florida.

We very much appreciate support in any form, be it through subscription, book store purchase or gathering registration. Compliments are nice too, and we thank O & R for their support. Since we lost money on the Orlando convention, it would have been nicer had they registered and overtly become part of our group rather than doing the groupy bit. But hell, since about another 100 did it too, why not? I have a fairly good memory for faces, and the lobby and poolside were always loaded with men I knew weren't official attendees. Rumor has it that many men plan to converge upon the Aladdin in Las Vegas and avoid the registration fee by "hanging out" and cruising the lobby, maybe slipping into the hospitality room. Unfortunately for them, however, their ploy will not work. Badges will always be required for entry to all functions, the pool is available to guests only, and the only places to sit in the lobby are at slot machines and gaming tables. The only place for groupies to "group" is on the hot sidewalk outside. PHC

FEAR AND LOATHING OF OLDER PEOPLE

I greatly admire what you've done with CR and especially your passion for defending older men against the slings and arrows of ageism and gerontophobia. But have you yet realized that for every twinky who loathes anyone over 30, there is an equal number of senior men who publicly ridicule your magazine because they cannot fathom how any young man could find them attractive? But don't worry about your sales. Every silver-haired "faux-prude" I know breaks his neck running to the book store to buy the latest copy or secretly "borrows" one from someone who subscribes. Sign me Deco from San Diego.

I believe as you that many people seem to be very gerontophobic and they show it through silence. Martin Luther King's words, "The great danger is not the malice of the evil man but the silence of the good men," is true. We have an example over here. The first of October was "United Nations Day of Older People" all over the world, and we have also "European Year of Older People and Solidarity Between Generations 1993." But the governments and the media have done nothing. Nearly complete silence. But Gay-Senioren has not been silent! I have written to the programming committee for the 16th National Lesbian and Gay Health Conference in New York next year and asked them to engage the question of the situation of elderly homosexuals. Unfortunately, no answer. Is the challenge too provocative? NISSE/Sweden

I assure our readers that if the 2nd National Gay and Lesbian Senior Conference on October 4, 1993, didn't get to the meat of the problem (CR #59, page 17), most certainly the 16th National Lesbian and Gay Health Conference next year won't either. I'm afraid the silence (except for my ravings--sort of like one hand clapping) will perpetuate, and I will continue to doze off while reading Modern Maturity. *NISSE is a wonderful man, and his organization in Sweden, now affiliated with Prime Timers, has published an English version of their newsletter, Gay-Senioren, which contains a lot of good information about Sweden and senior gay life there. Write: NISSE-SENIORPROJECT, P.O. Box 45090 - RFSL, S-104 30 Stockholm, SWEDEN. PHC*

THE COLOSTOMY STIGMA

Do you know any C-Riser who has had a full colostomy? I had one about a year ago and haven't had a man since! I used to be very proud of my 68-year-old physique, but no longer. I am ashamed (naturally) of being seen in the nude. I just wondered how others with this problem overcome it. J.D./ Washington

Okay, readers, let's not let this man suffer. Write him in care of CR. PHC

THE SEARCH FOR THE WORD

Just received issue 58. The wonderful articles and terrific photos make me sad to see just what I missed at the Orlando gathering. Hopefully I'll make it next year. The article by Patrick O'Connor and your review of his book were excellent, and I'm looking forward to reading the book soon. I've known Patrick since 1985 when we met in New York and he and his friend were house guests during their visit to Israel last year, so I'm familiar with his wonderful sense of humor and his many talents. In response to his article, I've put on my thinking cap, and as a long-time admirer of the mature, older man, humbly submit some thoughts and a suggestion. My attraction to older men (since I was 15) was always based on respect and admiration for the maturity that an older person projects. We have "Golden-Age" retirement communities, "Golden Oldies" songs of yester-

year, so I suggest GOLDIES or GOLDY OLDY. The spelling is my own (as Patrick says, "It's my own word, and I'll spell it how I choose.") as is the association of ideas and concept behind the word. The word just happens to be an accurate translation of the Hebrew word ZAHAVA, which is used by our circle as a code-word for an attractive older man or silver fox. SMILEY/Israel

Re Patrick O'Connor's call for a new word for gerontophils, I have some suggestions. I think older men have an adequate supply of names: silverfox (trim), silverbear (bigger), silverback (burly, hairy). The problem is, what do we call the men who seek these delightful specimens? Silver fox chaser? No way. Too long, and I think we shouldn't steal from the established vocabulary of the Girth & Mirth set. How about something like "Silvereye" (I only have eyes for you, baby) or "Silvertongue" (this tongue reserved for . . .). Then there's "Silverbilly," after the Australian fish; "Silverite" (one who favors the use of silver as a coin metal equal to gold); "Silverphil" (Phil Silvers backwards, almost); and the list can go on and on. I sort of like "Silvereye," myself. "I'm a 38-year-old silvereye who goes ape over silverbacks. I made out with one the other night at that silverbar on Lexington. He was sixty-two, five foot eight, two hundred ten pounds, and he had silver pubic hair." Hey, that sounds pretty good to me. PHIL SILVEREYE/New York

There is a precedent which surely must be the earliest example in history of an older man having a preference for other older men. I speak of the Roman Emperor, Galba. His life story is briefly covered by several Roman historians, but of these, only one mentions Galba's liking for older men. Galba lived a fairly secure and comfortable life as a soldier and became the ruler of the province of Hispania. Later, because of his popularity and esteem, he was recalled to Rome as Emperor. But in those days of intrigue and treachery, his seat of power was not safe enough to prevent his assassination before a year in office. His name is eminently suitable for preserving the name of the earliest of our tribe, and to accurately denote our orientation. Let us be called "Galbans"! J.R./England

LOSING IT ALL

My lifetime companion passed away June 5th and for the first time in over 50 years, I am alone. Fred was just 86 when he died after 18 long years of poor health, but those years of caring for him were the most beautiful of my life in a strange way. We adored each other with a love that few have ever experienced and found ourselves closer than we had ever been since we met in 1938. Fred was the first and only true love I have ever known in my life and it must have been the most loving, caring relationship I think, for we had been totally monogamous for the past 43 years of it. In any case I felt after his death that my life was over. After all, I am in my late sixties (I was young when we met), overweight, nothing special to look at, and have a very small income—barely enough to get by on. God forbid a major illness or accident. We unfortunately were rich in love but poor in insurance. The last 18 years cost over $900,000 in hospital bills. I was sure I was alone in my depression and low (with a capital L) esteem until a wonderful person suggested I look for your publication. I finally found a copy and almost felt like I'd died and gone to heaven. I never knew there was anything out there for me, as we did live a fairly closeted life for many years. Both of us were painters and fairly well known around the world at one time, and both of us were afraid of adverse publicity (after all, the year we got started, the word "gay" meant "happy" and "queer" meant the end of a career). I'm sorry for rambling on so but I have very few folks to communicate with that could even understand my situation. I now live in a small depressing condo that we leased a year ago after Hurricane Andrew blew through and destroyed our home and everything we have ever owned in our lives—especially all of our paintings, sculptures, photos and memorabilia. One year ago we had to start our lives over from scratch with nothing—no insurance or help—and once you lose everything, you find you also lose the so-called friends and acquaintances you thought were true. This is a year I never want to relive, but thanks to you and CR, I might be able to get back a sense of good feelings about myself. There's no way to go but up. I will have to get your publication at our local adult book store when I can, because at this time I just can't afford subscribing. Hopefully soon I will, but for now, I am one step from destitution between rent, utilities, back bills, doctors, etc. I've had to take a job as part-time custodian to supplement my social security, and even then I just make it barely. In any case, you have found a lifetime friend and possible contributor (with artwork, if you would like), as I don't think I'm appealing enough to be a model. Maybe if I trim down some, who knows? But now, at 6'-5", 275#, with lots of tattoos and 69 years old, I'm not a pretty package. Long live CR. D.R./Florida

D.R. is now a subscriber, thanks to a generous sponsor. He's also a model, thanks to some encouragement from mutual friends. We'll let you figure out who he is in this issue. We're also working on getting him to Las Vegas. You won't be able to miss this good-looking hunk at 6'-5". PHC

BACK ISSUES GONE BYE-BYE

Please forgive the familiarity, but after reading my three back issues which arrived yesterday, I somehow feel we are friends. Your personality shines through your writing/reporting. You (and we) are very lucky! Still depressed about the absence of more back issues. Does everyone collect them, or is there, somewhere, some generous soul who would pass on some of their copies? Still smarting that I didn't know about the gathering in Orlando. R.S./Florida

We welcome familiarity, even when it breeds contempt, which it has done on a few unfortunate instances. Can't create a family atmosphere by being stuffy and wrapped up in oneself. I don 't know about the other alternative magazines, but we create a 2,000-copy buffer in our press runs for contingencies and mail order single issue purchases. Normally it takes about two years for us to sell out of an issue, but a source in Japan came

along and bought out all our back issues with glossy covers. Now that we've leased a new storage facility, we'll increase our inventory to accommodate future readers. PHC

MARRIED MAN LOVERS

Some of Holling Thomas' opinions on married men (CR #58, page 17) have me so angry that I don't know if my writing about them will make sense. First off, does he expect sympathy for "the pressure they feel"? It seems to me that these married men created these situations themselves. So too can they get out of them. As to whether my advice to a married man is "self-serving," let me state that I don't give unsolicited advice. Only to that pathetic pack of males who feel the need to whine about their situations while trying to seduce me. Also, only a married man who thinks with his wallet would give finances as a reason to stay married. I have "been" with married men, and if one of them had the temerity to proclaim he is "happily married," I'd call his wife to get her side of it. I'm sick and tired of married men who not only think they can have their cake and eat it too, they attempt to make you a willing participant toward that end. Then the stupid schmucks can't understand why you won't go along with it. They assume you're jealous. All users usually do. If married men would treat male encounters with the dignity and respect they deserve, rather than as a convenient outlet which allows them to maintain appearances while still being sexually gratified, there would be less married gay men and fewer angrier single men like me. LION/New York

I really enjoyed the article by Holling Thomas. I'm married too and enjoy going out with a guy every few months (no one steady). I used to be honest about being married, but some of these guys get all bent out of shape when they find out. Where is it written in stone that we all have to be either gay or straight? Why can't a married man go out with a man once in a while or be bisexual, or even be gay if he wants? No, the ring comes off when I go out now, and when some guy wants to know if I "have someone at home," I say yes and offer no more. I certainly wouldn't offer my real name. The last time I told a guy I was married, he got pissed and said that I was "getting the best of two worlds." I told him that I was only in his world long enough to get a blowjob, and that if he didn't want to do it, I'd find someone else. Of course, he finished. He wasn't *that* indignant. Anonymous in St. Paul

THE TOWNHOUSE EXONERATED

In response to B.L./NYC's comments in #58 FORUM, I would like to respectfully disagree with his comments regarding The Townhouse in Manhattan. Particularly I would tend to disagree with his statement that The Townhouse is "...as unfriendly as can be. Not a smile on the young, yuppie faces..." I have been to The Townhouse approximately six times, always meeting several interesting, pleasant gentlemen that in the very least are sociable and willing to enter into friendly conversation. In fact, nearly a year ago I met a wonderful man twenty years my senior there, and we are now in a lifetime commitment. Living on the West Coast, I don't frequent The Townhouse with enough regularity to totally disclaim the contentions made by B.L., and perhaps the other bars mentioned may indeed be more friendly. On the other hand, the unbelievable consequences that allowed me to meet the love of my life are largely due to what we perceive as a friendly bar: The Townhouse. T.J./San Diego

SOCIAL ORGANIZATIONS

I noticed you stopped publishing the names of organizations in your classifieds section. I wondered when you were going to wake up and smell the roses. I used to be a member of one of those groups but stopped attending when the "leaders" began relentlessly preaching about our "responsibility to be openly gay." That diatribe is fine for ActUp but not for most of the men I know. And the national officers! You'd think they were CEOs of blue chip corporations! The pomposity and political correctness are a bit much. I was reading a regional gay newspaper recently and was horrified to see that the editor had outed several prominent gay men who had done much good behind the scenes but who had to stay in their closets because of careers. Have these same gay Nazis begun taking control of the social organizations too? COUNT ME OUT/Northeast Coast

We stopped publishing the list because of space constraints, not because of any political differences. Another factor was that we were receiving a flood of publicity requests from myriad sub groups and other organizations of less noble programs. If you publish one, you have to publish all. We have no specific knowledge of any political requirements of the organization in question. Agendas change with leadership. Some groups are very closet-friendly and welcome bisexuals and married men. Others, like the one that follows, aren't so tolerant of closeted men. Different groups have different political philosophies, but I've never heard of any social group in favor of outing. PHC

Thanks for your response. Contrary to what you assumed, our group is not really designed as a support group to help bereaved seniors. It just turned out that several men who showed up at early meetings needed that help. It was actually a surprise. We had expected to form a social group and, as an offshoot, a support group for daily living, especially since my cofounder and I and a few of the members are therapists or have benefited from support groups in the past. Actually, the men who came to meetings hoping that it was a coming out group or a comforting group threw a crimp in the works in a way, especially since several of these men didn't really want help or were not ready for it. They wanted confirmation for how they were, and that was hard to give. For example, my cofounder is 67 and perhaps the most visibly gay leader in the gay community. I'm right behind him in gay visibility, as are several others. So a couple of the men who came to the group were a tough mix with us because they wanted support for the difficulty they had with coming out and confirmation that it is so hard to be visibly out. This is not our position, since we have been out for years and if anything, this has helped us socially and business-wise. So we

couldn't make these men happy. It is also the case that these men have not been to the past two meetings. We have also found the phenomenon that several men in their late 50s plus think it is fun to be half out of the closet--that they are part of a kind of secret society. We who started this group do not think such is fun at all, but rather repressive and self-limiting. I really like what you are doing with CR. One of our members, Jerry, went to the Prime Timers convo in Vancouver and after his glowing report, our membership voted unanimously to become PRIME TIMERS OF SONOMA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

DIGNITY

A gunnery instructor of mine once told me: "Artillery lends dignity to what would otherwise be a vulgar brawl." Your publication is certainly the "Artillery" of Dignity. H.S./Illinois

CR SANTAS

I just opened #59 and all I can say is, "Yes, Virginia, there IS a Santa Claus." The cover photo of LORD CLEVELAND is just wonderful, and GREYBEARD, the "Santa in the Mist" is just as great. I'm sure I sat on one of their laps during my childhood. Thanks for another great issue and have a great holiday. LIL' SCOUT/New Jersey

CR RIPS OFF READER

It's a very rare event for me to object to the content of your magazine; in fact, never. Even though there have been issues of regular CR with models that don't do anything for me, I figure you can't please everyone all the time. Your *CR CLASSICS #3* was a MAJOR disappointment, especially to subscribers like myself that have been with you for awhile. I couldn't believe you would re-issue so many "old" photos that we have already seen and waste space with previous illustrations. This is the first time your magazine makes me feel you have taken advantage of your position of being one of a few magazines featuring mature men. I will stop now because just thinking about how your quality of new models was so blatantly corrupted makes me think for the first time you ran out of material and thought no one would notice, thereby, betraying the trust of your subscribers. Next time be truthful in your advertising about repeating photos so I can decline to buy it. Believe it or not, I waited quite awhile and toned down this letter because I really felt "ripped off," and what made it worse was that it was done by someone I like to think of as "family." [Anonymous, mailed from New Orleans with no return address.]

Gee, looks like we really ruined his day, huh? If this gentleman would be so kind as to identify himself, I promise I won't have him killed or expose him. I will even refund his money and give him a free issue on top of his subscription. For the record, however, we refer our "ripped-off" reader to page 53 of CR #58, which says in part: "CR CLASSICS #3, like the ENCORE COLLECTION, will contain some older stuff and a lot of current material just too hot for our regular CR issues." Except for "Ripped Off in New Orleans," everyone else who responded to CRC#3 said they thought is was pretty nifty. PHC

THE DIRTIER THE BETTER, AND KEEP THE GLASSES ON

Just received #59 and was very impressed. I also want to compliment you on the recent *CR CLASSICS #3*. That was marvelous! That's the way I love CR. No offense, but I'm not paying $50 per year for a literary/erotic magazine. I want to see and admire cocks and men together! The dirtier the better! I understand that you don't want to tempt the rampant censors by providing too much outright sex, but you can show more cocks and hard-ons, can't you? But I'm not criticizing your work. As always, you do an excellent job. I have always been thankful that you have always included good photos of my favorite type of man: those with glasses. I wear glasses, and I have always been attracted to men who wear them, be they chubby or skinny. The drawing by RAM in #59 was especially fantastic--if only I could meet a man like the one shown in the stall, I too would "have that, balls and all." I wonder if there are a lot (or a few) men out there who share my particular interest? In a way, it's similar to the interest in chubbier men or older men (both of whom I like). It would be great to contact other younger or passive men like myself who are attracted to "bespectacled" men. I haven't encountered many in my limited personal experience. Anyway, keep those hot photos and new-look *CLASSICS* rolling! Have you heard anything about the supposedly new magazine called *PRIME*? I wrote to *DADDY* Magazine and they knew nothing about it. T.W./Virginia

Please, readers, never EVER hesitate to offer constructive criticism or get something off your chest. I take offense to insults (then ignore them), but never criticism. Okay, so it stings once in a while, but I'm becoming a big boy. The jury is out on which CLASSICS format is more popular--the ones with the novels or the ones with hotter material. It all hinges on book store sales. If we do go the sizzler route, I'll publish my novels in another format. Daddy *Magazine has nothing to do with* Prime *Magazine, which should start distribution in February. See our comments on the subject in ANNOUNCEMENTS . . . which follows FORUM. PHC*

COLORADO ROCKIES BASEBALL CAPS

This may be old hat to you already, but I though you might like to let your readers know about something they may run into on their way to the Las Vegas Gathering. There is a new major league baseball club in Denver called the Colorado Rockies, and the logo on their officially licensed products in close enough to our beloved CR logo as to give any loving fan of CR heart failure at so many men sporting it about so proudly. So if anyone has a stopover in Denver, or is planning to drive through Colorado, New Mexico, Oklahoma or Arizona, be sure you know the difference between the two. I know all my straight

friends thinks the CR on my cap stands for the Rockies. B.H./ New Mexico

B.H. was kind enough to send us one of the caps, which we saw being worn at the Orlando Gathering. The logos are similar, but we're sort of partial to ours. And speaking of logos, we hope that you guys will get your orders in for shirts and caps for the Las Vegas bash. That desert sun can get pretty hot, so you really should have a cap anyway. See the Big Mac Beachwear ad herein for details. PHC

PHOTOS OF YOUNGER GUYS (PART 16)

Regarding the controversy of including photos of younger guys, please continue to do so. It's nice for me to ogle the mature men that choose to send you photos. But there's a big portion of your older readership who don't, and the younger-guy photos give THEM a chance to ogle and correspond. I know two regular CR readers in their 60s who ONLY look at the younger guy photos. WILD BILL/N. Hollywood

SUPERIOR ATTITUDES

Re: #59. First, about that obnoxious fellow from Oregon. I remember his note "correcting" you in an earlier CR issue. He exclaimed in that letter about his roots, trying to knock down in the process other people's roots. Now he is trying to blame others (CR) for his failure to attract and meet friends. He was wrong then and he is wrong now. Your answer could not have been more on target. I think most CR readers are smart, reasonable and a friendly bunch. The obnoxious attitude of that fellow will turn them off very quickly. Usually fellows with his kind of attitude end up with no friends anyway. No tears from me in this situation. Almost always, superior attitudes are self-defeating. Even if somebody happens to know more about a subject than others. By following a superior attitude toward the others, he will eventually alienate them as well as deprive himself from improving whatever little knowledge he has about the subject. In the long run, he loses on both fronts. Socially, he becomes an unlikable fellow, and in his field of "expertise" he loses whatever edge he has. See, that Oregonian is a loser. Second, I was captivated by the article of your EXOCET. When he described the feelings of different fellows about "orgy" rooms, he was describing exactly my feelings. I felt comfortable that those feelings of mine are not unique, and there are actually others who have exactly the same feelings. Please convey to him that his latest article has brightened the day for a lone soul here on the shores of the Hudson. I certainly will be looking for his future articles in CR. M.E./New Jersey.

#59 GOES TO THE BEACH

I'm most appreciative of the gift subscription given to me as a result of my getting your publication on the literary rack at Chardee's night club in Ft. Lauderdale. I asked the owner if it was permissible to place them and he said yes indeed. Needless to say, they were snapped up in short order, and I am sure the Orlando affair gained some new attendees as a result. I'm sorry that I couldn't attend, but many of my friends who did told me I'd missed out on a grand affair. I'm looking forward to possibly attending the Las Vegas convention. By the way, your issue #59 was a big hit at the nude beach (Haulover Beach, North Miami Beach, FL) yesterday. Just maybe some more subscriptions. RUNNING BEAR./Ft. Lauderdale

Thanks to RUNNING BEAR, we had quite a few late registrations for Orlando, helping it become the success it was. For you new readers, the original plans for Orlando had to be scrapped and a new hotel found in short order. After all the chaos, we didn't have near the early registrations we'd hoped for, but RUNNING BEAR helped save the day. PHC

VIDEO CAMERAS AT THE GATHERINGS

I'd love to attend the Las Vegas Gathering, but I'm afraid of being exposed. A friend of mine attended the Orlando party and said that several guys were constantly panning the crowd with camcorders. He said that later, copies of the tapes were being sent around and that copies of copies were made ad infinitum. Please remind these wannabe documentary producers that not all of us want our faces appearing on thousands of television sets. Some of us have sensitive careers and enemies who wouldn't think twice about sabotaging same. (Initials withheld)/Florida

During functions in the ballrooms at the Las Vegas Gathering, camcorder users will be asked not to record subjects without their knowledge or permission. Those who prefer not to be photographed must be given the opportunity to get out of the picture or turn their heads. Photographers JOEL, RICHIE II and MACRO will be taking still photos for CR during the gathering. All shots will be done with permission of subjects and releases will be required before publication. PHC

RECOMMENDATIONS FOR IMPROVEMENT

I've been inclined to write to your magazine on several occasions, but I simply have not had the time. I enjoy this magazine in ways I can't decently put down on paper, but take my word: I enjoy it very much. My only recommendation is for you to get the clothes off your models. I want to see nude men, not half-clad men. I think you have a wonderful selection of models and hope your taste or your format doesn't change in the near future. Thank you for maintaining such a high level of discretion with CR. J.C/Chicago

Recommendations for improvement: Nude men over 80 or 90. J.B./Michigan

As stated on several occasions, we feature every publishable photo we receive. We have absolutely no control over the ratio of nudes versus clothed shots or the age ranges of models. I do think it's safe to assume that what we receive and

ultimately publish is indicative of reader consensus relative to the nude/clothed factor. It's obvious our readers want to see both. As regards the featuring of men over 80 or 90, we eagerly urge our octogenarian readers to submit photos and remind them that they are truly revered by this staff. PHC

Congratulations again for *Swimming to Venezuela* (CRC #2). Just a superb novel, and we hope for more in the future. Your magazine helps to keep up dignity of all gays living in homophobic countries. We feel we are members of a big family. Your magazine is better without glossy covers. Do not waste so many pages with drawings or make up your mind: are they intended to be erotic, artistic or satiric? One page would be enough. The stories (CR#57) are excellent. "Coming Home" by Cassady touches deep within ourselves. Richard Power's "A Little Touch of Harry" is a masterpiece. I admire your selections. These two authors are ranked along with Forster or Capote. Keep giving us high quality fiction. Nowhere else do we read about feelings or love in most gay magazines. That's what makes CR so wonderful. Modest suggestions: a column for advice like Dear Abbey or Ann Landers. We want to know about how to manage relationships, different backgrounds and so on. It would be interesting to read more about John McNeill and his experiences. A reader in Chile.

Finally the time has come for me to "write a letter to the editor." Like most of the rest of the world, I am not one to write, but I have been a subscriber of CR for at least one year, having purchased several back issues, and have been following the ongoing issue of younger men in your magazine. Unlike the others, I do not want to address that issue, but just want to tell you that the ONLY thing wrong with CR is that it's not weekly. Waiting so long between issues is a drag! I do realize that it is not easy to publish a magazine like yours and that doing it weekly is out of the question, but suffice it to say that you're doing a really great job. As a loyal reader, I would like to ask you a favor. I would like you to use your influence to encourage RAM to put together a book of the drawings he does for you. He is my favorite, and I'm sure that I am not alone in wanting a compilation of his works. I would hate to have to cut up my collection of CR to make such a book, and even if I did, it would be incomplete, as I am a somewhat new subscriber. B.G./Southern California

Since I am RAM's agent with full rights of publication, I have attempted to offer prints of his works in the past. Unfortunately, our approach was flawed and we just didn't have the money to invest, so the project never got off the ground. We are currently doing a survey of readers who renew their subscriptions (by placing the survey on the renewal form). In part, the survey asks if our readers will support a book publishing subsidiary of CR. If the results are positive, we will begin publishing high quality fiction and nonfiction books, including a complete compilation of RAM's works in black and white and color. PHC

MUCH ALOHA

[Note: A few months ago I was stunned by a letter from a subscriber in Hawaii. He very matter-of-factly advised that he had terminal cancer and wanted his subscription transferred to a friend in the Midwest. Unable to merely do as he asked and file his letter away, I wrote him and asked if there was something we could do. Mother that I am, I asked about the possibility of remission, whether or not he was alone. His reply:]

Many thanks for your letter. It was very thoughtful. There is no possibility of remission. Until one week ago [11/9/93] I was receiving transfusions of platelets three times a week and red blood cells about every ten days. Then a doctor gave me a choice of staying in the hospital until I died in 4 to 5 weeks (because transfusions would not replace blood components fast enough) or go home and stop all transfusions until my body gave up. So I'm at home being cared for by my daughter, son and brother. The little pain I have is taken care of with pain medication. I am not a religious person, but I have accepted the fact of death. I appreciate it that you will send the remaining issues to E.R., who was my dearest friend for over three years. Much aloha. J.J./Hawaii

ONE HELL OF A YEAR

It's time to thank you for a pleasant year, for all that you have done for a large group of people who otherwise would not have access to the types of pleasure that the majority of the population, heterosexuals and homosexuals, take for granted. We learned from CR #59 that we seniors are under-represented on television, and in most magazines for homosexuals, we don't even exist. In your financial report to the share holders, you can proudly announce that despite hard times during 1993, your company has grown 50%. The article about CR in the *Advocate Classifieds* Magazine and the weekly honorary mentions in *Michael's Entertainment Weekly* are additional proof of your continued progress and will in the long run lead to an increase in circulation of hundreds of percent. Soon we will see no need to come out, for there will be so many who eagerly want to come in, into the readership of CR. This is the first time I've entangled myself in statistics in a Christmas letter, but statistics and success go together and so, now, do success and CR. And there will be no end to your harvest, for already tomorrow, all of those in the gaymain who do not recognize us will be one day older and soon find the Forest of the Trolls quite enchanting. They are lucky, for there is no other place to go. THE VIKING/Washington, DC

ONE HELL OF A STORY

[The following letter excerpts are from a Japanese-American subscriber who has misgivings about going to the gathering. After reading this letter and corresponding with him, I think he understands now that I will probably break his neck if he doesn't. This is one guy I simply HAVE to meet!]

Up until a year ago, I had lived with my lover, Bob, and

his family (his wife, daughter and mother-in-law) for 12 years. The daughter left home when she got married about eleven years ago, and the "grandma" passed away a few years ago. She was almost 98. Everybody knew I was her favorite. Even her own granddaughter accepted it. I don't know how it happened, but I was literally the only reason for her to live. She brought me candies, fruit and many other things which I couldn't eat, even if I'd wanted to be a Sumo wrestler. I could've started a grocery store. Once I even found a petrified black banana behind a chest of drawers. When I didn't eat dinner well, she argued that her daughter and son-in-law, Bob, were trying to starve me. She was obsessed with my not getting enough food. I was thirtysomething then (43 now), but she treated me like a baby. What a lady! She was the kind of woman who enriched everyone's life, and I feel that it was a privilege to know her. I guess this is the major reason why Bob's wife didn't throw me out after finding out about our relationship.

We'd lived together for 4 years when "it" happened one night. She went to bed a little earlier than usual and was already asleep. Bob was about to join her. He was in his pajamas and I thought he was going to bed. Grandma was in bed already, and I was watching television alone in the living room. After a while, he tiptoed into the living room and stood right in front of me, showing off an erection. A few minutes later, while we were still engaging in some action, the wife passed by the living room to get a few pieces of ice in the kitchen and saw what was going on. Well, I didn't say anything, as my mother always told me not to speak with my mouth full. It was one of the most awkward moments of my life. She went back to the bedroom and didn't say anything, but I knew that she saw everything. She later told me that she had no idea about our relationship and didn't know what to do or think when she saw what we were doing.

Still, we lived together. She never said she accepted the situation, but she told me she loved me as much as she loved her daughter. Sounds strange? Unbelievable? I sometimes can't believe it either. I guess I was, still am, a very important part of her life, too. To me, his family is very important in the sense that they were the first people I could share my bitter memories of an abused childhood. It helped me to reevaluate my past objectively. Because of this, I guess, my father and I have been on fairly good terms lately.

After grandmother's death, I started to feel somewhat isolated. When she was alive and needed a great deal of help and care, we all tried our best to help her and cooperated with each other as much as possible. It was not easy, particularly when she became increasingly frail during the last couple of years of her life. When she was gone, we all felt some degree of emptiness. Bob and his wife started to have time together more often than before. Although Bob was trying his best, I could not ignore the feeling that things would not change for the better, and I had to find something new to make my life more meaningful. I spent several agonizing months before I decided to leave "home." After all, I have to have something to live for after Bob is no longer with me sometime in the future. He is 68, and when I was looking for a new place, he contracted pleurisy and pneumonia and eventually had to have surgery when complications threatened his life. He stayed at the hospital for a couple of weeks and it took more than 3 months for him to feel strong enough to resume normal activities. His wife and I went to see him and had dinner at the hospital restaurant every evening. I guess she appreciated my company more than ever. I know I did her's. All of this didn't change my feeling that I had to start a new page in my life, whatever it may be. It has been almost a year since I moved out. A strange thing is that in the end, I could manage to move away only 1.7 miles. At the beginning, I felt as if we were thousands of miles apart. I still don't know whether I made the right decision or not. Nobody knows the right answer unless I have another parallel life to compare with. I only hope I did. We still have dinner together at least twice a week at their place, and I do the yardwork there every week. Bob comes to my place usually on Saturday to check the color of my underwear. It seems that I have not done anything I thought I would do when I left their place and started a new life.

I met Bob in London a little over 14 years ago. He was there on business. I saw him downstairs at a pub which caters to older men and their followers. (I saw the name of the pub in CR a few years ago.) On busy weekends, the place used to be jammed, like commuter trains in Tokyo, with a few hundred people. With bodies so close to each other, there were many things going on. The WC (toilet) was exceptionally busy and active. One afternoon, when the place was not busy, I just popped in for a few glasses of Guiness. There he was, standing alone. The rest is history.

How did I get to England from Japan, you ask? I left Japan after finishing my university degree in architecture. While the rest of the students were busy finding jobs, I knew I had some other things to figure out. I worked part-time to make enough money for a one-way ticket and a few months stay in Europe. Altogether, I spent seven years there, working here and there, sometimes sleeping outdoors. I even went to the Japanese Embassy in Switzerland to ask for a loan. They lent me a hundred Swiss Francs, and I paid it back the next month after working on a dairy farm in the Swiss mountains. It was hard work that cold winter. I have many, many memories of Europe, and most of them are almost too sweet to remember now. By the time I met Bob, I was weary of moving around on the road. I spent a couple of years in Germany, about a year in Switzerland, 6 months in Sweden, 3 years in England and other countries, looking for jobs and some excitement.

I think I must be suffering from confession diarrhea. I could go one and on. I guess it's time I asked the questions I alluded to at the beginning of this letter.

The balance of his letter is private and ends with a hilarious ethnic joke which we won't dare publish. We will, however, sign him off with the punch line: "Nip on 'ese!" You figure out the joke. PHC

PERPLEXED THAT YOUR BOOK STORE DOESN'T CARRY *CR* OR *CR CLASSICS*? YOU CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT AND HELP US IN THE PROCESS. SEND US THE NAME AND LOCATION OF THE BOOK STORE AND WE'LL FIND A WHOLESALER TO SERVICE THEM WITH OUR PUBLICATIONS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS, NEWS ITEMS, AND OTHER REVELATIONS

COUNTDOWN TO LAS VEGAS

As of this writing (12/26/93), we have registered just over 400 C-Risers with five more months to go. We're already ahead of Orlando by 100. So far, 19 are coming from outside the U.S., including Australia, Spain, Canada, France, England, Switzerland and Israel. Registrants from the U.S. include 108 from the eastern states, 75 from the central states, and 210 from the west, Hawaii and Alaska.

To make matters even more interesting, Girth & Mirth of San Diego and Girth & Mirth of Denver will co-host the ABC Western Conference 1994 in Las Vegas on June 3rd through 6th, which will immediately precede and slightly overlap our gathering (June 5th through 8th). The Girth & Mirth guys (many are C-Risers too) will be having a ball at the Palace Station Hotel just off the strip near Circus Circus. If you want to attend both conventions (functions will not conflict), ABC's Conference registration is only $40 until April 1st. Or, you may purchase day passes ($20 for Friday, $15 for Saturday, and $25 for Sunday. Functions include a kick-off cocktail party Friday night, two almost continuous hospitality suites all weekend (with Continental-style breakfast on Saturday and Sunday mornings), and a lunch/fashion show on Sunday. For more information, call Girth & Mirth of San Diego on their 24-hour info-line at (619) 563-9900, extension 4673. Las Vegas will never be the same. The expected combined attendance for both conventions will be between 800 and 1,000.

LOOK AT WHAT WE STARTED!

In spite of howls of denials, our *SWAN* Magazine was the first national publication to feature "homo-masculine/homo-alternative" material. The creator of *BEAR* sent us his second issue back in 1987 (16 months after we started publishing) and enthusiastically offered to network. *DADDY*'s late creator was a *SWAN* subscriber and wrote us a letter advising that we had inspired him to start a digest-sized mag for guys into the daddy/son fetish. Since then, a lot of "alternative" magazines have come onto the scene, creating a totally different and very popular genre.

It now appears that two new magazines will be making their debuts soon. We mentioned *PRIME* Magazine in a previous issue (#57) and stated that they would begin publishing that summer, but the publishers ran into some trademark and printing problems. These problems have now been ironed out, and the publishers say they will hit the streets with their first issue about the time this issue comes out. *PRIME* will offer professional photography featuring mature, professional models, literary erotic fiction and personal ads. Should be a classy magazine. Contact Big Bear Media, P.O. Box 76826, Washington, DC 20013-6826 for more information.

A mag called *DADDY BEAR* is alleged to be in the works, also out of Washington, DC. Rumor has it that the boys at *DADDY* and *BEAR* Magazines are not amused, but publishers of *DADDY BEAR* are boldly proceeding. Will fur fly? Stay tuned for the latest.

A SENIOR MEN'S NUDIST CLUB

This is a first as far as we can tell. The SONOMA BARES NUDIST CLUB, created for the senior gay nudist and his admirers, has 14 members and is growing. A lot of these California North Bay and Wine Country guys are C-Risers and seem to be having quite a good time. Membership is only $5, which entitles you to various nudist activities, pot lucks, bimonthly gatherings, photo sessions, etc. For more information, write P.O. Box 282, Fulton, CA 95439.

LIKE PULLING HENS' TEETH

If you think some American book store magazine buyers are CR-unfriendly, wait until you hear about those in Europe. The government sponsored senior organizations notwithstanding, and in spite of the fact that we always sell out overseas, only the bigger stores in Germany and Holland carry CR. The largest gay magazine distributor in Europe couldn't care less. The largest distributor in Italy dropped us when we held shipments pending past due payments--this after they tripled their draw. Book stores in Switzerland and Australia led us on for almost a year without paying us (still haven't). The largest gay book store in Sweden, having consistently refused to carry CR, finally succumbed to pressure from our Swedish readers and ordered a whopping 5 copies. We can't give the magazine away to French stores, and those in Denmark, Norway and other European countries won't respond to correspondence. Many subscribers in Europe tell us that the problem isn't the economy (we're too flexible for that to be a factor). It's outright revulsion for anything senior. The specter of gerontophobia in Europe is as bad or worse than in the U.S.

In spite of all this, our sales in Japan and Canada are quite brisk, and distribution contracts in England and Australia are being vigorously pursued. Of course, it would help immensely if ALL readers would take the time to demand that their local book stores carry *CR* and *CR CLASSICS*. Where there is demand and complaint, there is action.

TRAVEL CLUB FORMING

Now that senior citizens can travel inexpensively due to the advent of airline coupons, quality of life can be further improved by taking advantage of low/no-cost accommodations through a system of contacts. The Senior Travel Club is now forming and will be based on the reciprocity of its members. Member hosts accommodate and show the sights to other members in their respective cities, thereby accruing credits which entitle them to similar treatment in a place of their choice within the system. The club is currently signing members in Seattle, Los Angeles, New Orleans, Miami, Washington, New York, San Francisco, Phoenix-Tucson, St. Louis, Atlanta and Boston. For more information, write THE SENIOR TRAVEL CLUB in care of CR. (Use the procedure for writing models or we cannot forward your letter.)

CR HIRES PRODUCTION MANAGER

We proudly announce the addition of THE CISCO KID, who will assume our newly created position of Production Manager. CISCO is 52, Latino and very much heterosexual, complete with a loving wife and seven offspring. He's also heavily experienced in every form of periodical printing process and took only a few minutes to pinpoint and propose solutions to some of our production problems. CISCO is our very first salaried employee (our editors and professional contributors are paid by contract), and we hope to be able to hire more people in the future as we continue to grow. For those of you who wonder why we didn't hire a gay man, be advised that we placed ads in various gay publications for a whole year with zero responses. Finally, in near panic, we placed an honest ad in a regional mainstream newspaper and found CISCO, who is highly qualified and has a very live-and-let-live outlook on sexuality. The guy's cool and works his butt off.

CARIBBEAN CRUISE FOR MATURE MEN AND THEIR MALE ADMIRERS

Soon after Travel Lab advised us that Majesty Cruise Line had canceled our Caribbean cruise in October '94, RANCHO MIRAGE TRAVEL announced that it is offering a similar cruise package through Dolphin Cruise Line. The 692-passenger S.S. Dolphin IV will set sail from Miami on October 14, 1994, for a 4-day, 3-night cruise to Nassau and back. Bill Worrall, the Rancho Mirage Travel contact (he's also a Prime Timer and our headliner comic/keyboard artist for the Las Vegas Gathering) says that he wants to offer a cruise that will be supported by readers of all magazines catering to mature men and admirers, as well as organizations such as Prime Timers and Sage of California. He has CR's complete support, and we challenge the other magazines and organizations to do likewise. Obviously the success of this cruise depends upon broad support as well as the timely registration by those who want to attend. Bruce and I have signed up and look forward to seeing a whole bunch of familiar faces aboard. For a free brochure with all information, write to Bill Worrall, Rancho Mirage Travel, 71-428 Highway 111, Rancho Mirage, CA 92270.

GERONTOPHOBE OF THE WEEK

Michael's Entertainment Weekly, published by BladeComp in Washington, DC, carries a weekly feature called "Bartender of the Week." In the 12/2/93 issue, David Shwarts (aka "Princess"), bartender at Mr. P's in Washington, was so honored. The magazine asked David to tell about the most embarrassing thing that ever happened to him at Mr. P's. His response: "I don't get embarrassed easily. But one day last summer I was working on the patio bar and received a bouquet of roses. I was so excited. That is, until I was made aware of who had sent them . . . an ugly old man. I guess you could say I was just a little bit embarrassed." For the legions of "ugly old men" (read: anyone over 40) who would like to embarrass "Princess" with more roses, Mr. P's is located at 2147 P Street, N.W., Washington, DC 20037. Perhaps someone can urge him to claim his CR "Gerontophobe of the Week" prize: a computer-enhanced copy of his published photo showing how he will look at 65.

SOMETHING NEW FOR NON-X-RATED VIDEO BUFFS

The publishers of the "MC Film Festival, Home Video Catalogue" have just released a new winter gay and lesbian video catalog. The poster catalog has over 200 gay and lesbian selections and includes new releases, old classics, religious topics, documentaries, travelogs, and award-winning foreign films. None of the videos are X-rated porn. All videos are sold through mail-order, carefully packaged in a plain bubble-lined pack or boxed. Catalogs are free by writing The 54561 Corporation, P.O. Box 20071, Tampa, FL 33622-0071, or calling (800) 445-7134.

SILVER BALLS #2

Quetzal's Hand Jive Comix has released another issue of "Silver Balls," the only comic book in the world featuring older gay men. This one is even better that the first issue and has all the elements conducive to fun reading. It's at once very funny and so erotic that its digest size will come in . . . *ahem* . . . handy. It also contains some nicely tender moments to even things out. Vintage Quetzal at his best! To order, send $3.00 plus 50 cents postage and handling (outside U.S. - $1.50 p & h) to: Hand Jive Comix, P.O. Box 46095, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

MAJOR

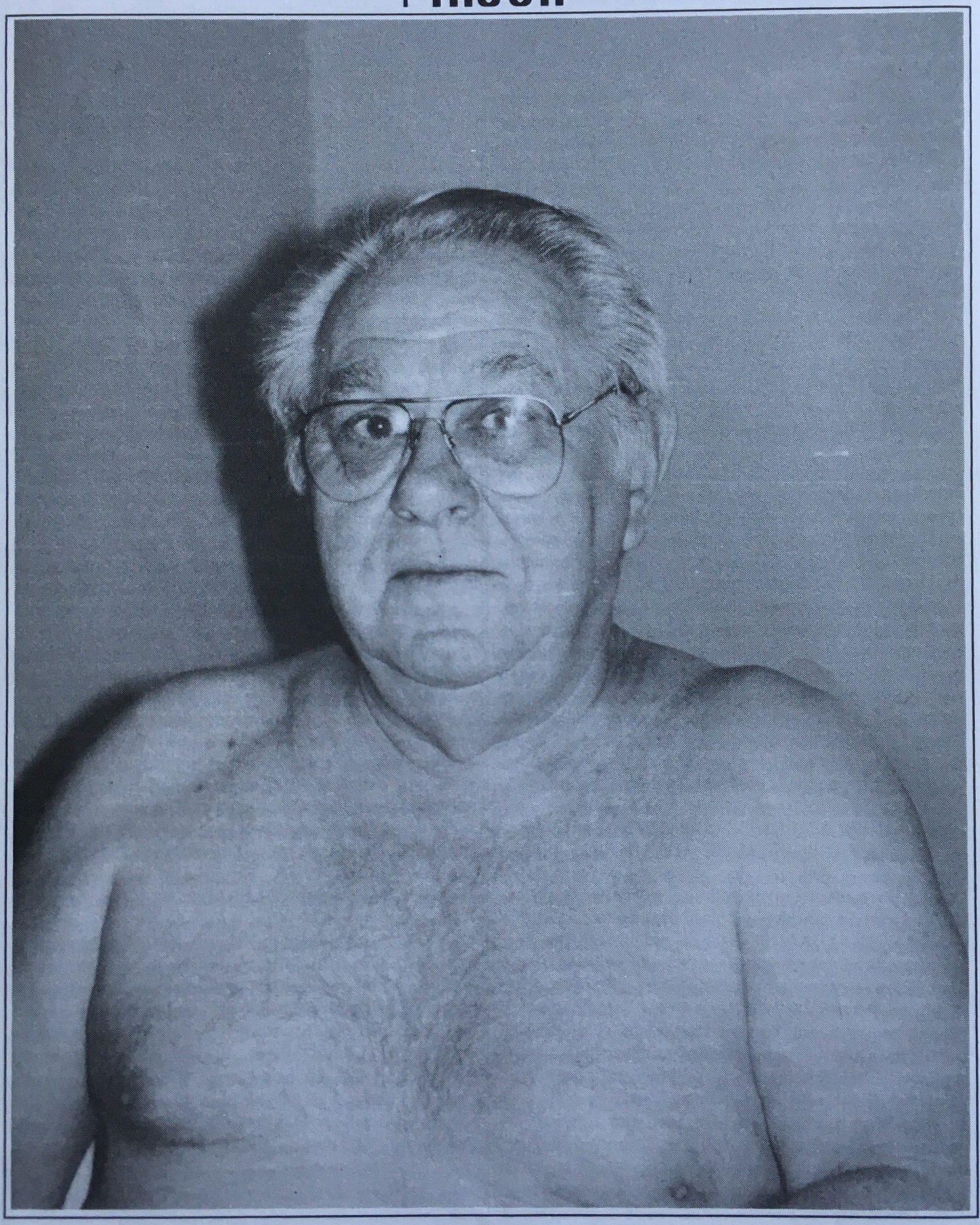


PHOTO BY TOMCAT

R.B. REAL

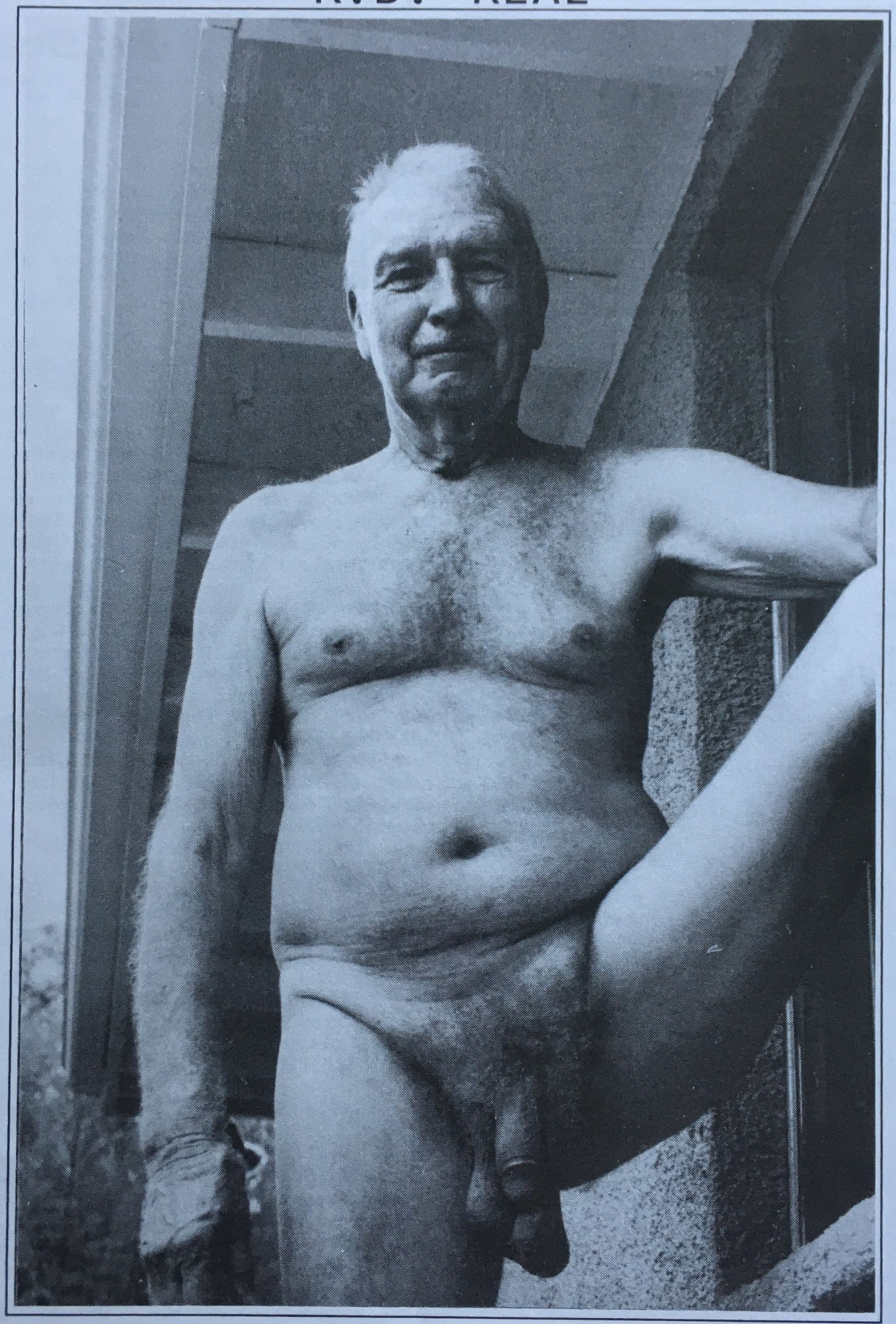


PHOTO BY JOEL

Guide to Silver Fox Hunting: Los Angeles, Palm Springs, Laguna Beach

by Tom Silverchase

Los Angeles

Sheer numbers--not to mention climate, a relaxed attitude and vast business opportunities--make greater Los Angeles a very fruitful place to hunt silver fox.

Anyone hesitant to visit Los Angeles for fear of rioting is a victim of media hype. Granted, danger exists in any major city. But siblings to that danger in cities are anonymity and tolerance, which have attracted gay men who are now silver foxes. Besides, the ripest hunting grounds are far from the areas of the riot.

And ripe they are. Practically dripping. There are three bars within five minutes of each other that on most weekend nights are literally jammed with silver foxes. The area is about half an hour east of West Hollywood. Numerous CR models frequent two: Mr. Mike's and Houston's. Joly's, a newly resurrected bar nearby, has yet to show much life, but it would be really a nice place if it got hot.

Mr. Mike's is probably the best silver fox bar in the world. Sure, it has its dead nights, but with amazing consistency, the biggest deterrent to meeting someone hot is making up your mind which one. The decor is that of an old British pub. There's a pool table in the back. There's a piano player after 9 p.m. on Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

Houston's, also a piano bar, is often a better bet on Thursdays, since it employs a piano player on that night. There's also a corner where many throw darts. Under the same roof is Sabor, a restaurant with lip-smacking Southwestern/Cajun/Caribbean cuisine. Start an evening there.

West Hollywood is colorful, but it's primarily the domain of "cybleos," which are Cute Young Boys Who Like Each Other. The Numbers and Capone's are both good restaurants/bars frequented by older men. It suffices to say that these haunts attract a different crowd than Mr. Mike's. Both are amusing places to have dinner and people-watch.

During the day in West Hollywood, it's a good bet to have lunch at either Cafe D'Etoile or the French Quarter Market Place. Both have a fairly large clientele of older gay men, are reasonably priced, and have pretty good food.

The Sports Connection in West Hollywood is a good gym to see and meet silver foxes. So is the Holiday Spa on Gower Avenue in Hollywood. They are owned by Bally's, a national chain, and ostensibly are straight. But the showers, sauna, steam room and whirlpool can be discretely cruisy.

The bookstore scene in all of Los Angeles is pretty much a thing of the past. Circus of Books on Santa Monica Boulevard can be kind of cruisy. The few other bookstores around are okay to buy books or videos, but in the ones with 25-cent arcades, there are no doors, and you can't even masturbate.

There are quite a few bath houses still open around L.A. The Roman Holiday up in Van Nuys is probably the best bet for meeting older men. For the most part, the pickings are slim for older men at L.A. bath houses.

Bars:
Mr. Mike's, 3172 Los Feliz Blvd., (213)669-9640
Houston's, 2538 Hyperion Ave., (213)661-4233
Joly's, Sunset at Fountain, (213)665-6810
The Numbers, 8029 Sunset Blvd. (at Laurel), (213) 656-6300
Capone's, 8277 Santa Monica Blvd., (213)654-7224

Bookstore:
Circus of Books, 8230 Santa Monica Blvd., (213)656-6533

Restaurants:
Cafe D'Etoile, 8941 Santa Monica Blvd., (310)278-1011
The French Quarter Market Place, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., (213)654-0898

Spa:
Roman Holiday, 14435 Victory Blvd., Van Nuys, 818)780-1320

Palm Springs

Palm Springs is crawling with gorgeous silver foxes. There are at least one good bar and two hot bookstores. At times, however, the nightlife can be pretty slow, so it's best if you know people and get invited to parties.

Gloria's is the best place for a visitor to meet older men. During the week, it can be pretty quiet, but on a good night,

the pickings can be quite good.

About 15 minutes down Palm Canyon Drive in Cathedral City are two bookstores, which in contrast to bookstores in L.A., can be pretty cruisy. One's called Perez Books. Just around the corner is Hidden Joy Book Shop. The former's much newer and cleaner.

There are dozens of gay bed and breakfast inns in Palm Springs. Many CR models live in the area. During holidays, conventions or golf tournaments, anywhere and everywhere in town can be cruisy.

Bar:
Gloria's, 1117 N. Palm Canyon Drive, (619)322-3224

Book stores:
Perez Books, 68-366 Perez Road, (619)321-5597
Hidden Joy Book Shop, 68424 Commercial, (619)328-1694

Laguna Beach

With the ebb and flow of tourists into Laguna Beach, the friendly beachside city has an inconsistent silver fox scene. But when it's good, it's great.

Around holidays and most any weekend during the summer, The Little Shrimp, a quite good, moderately priced restaurant and piano bar, often has a veritable bevy of silver foxes. The best crowds are after work and between about 9 and 11:30 p.m. near the weekend. Reservations for dinner are usually necessary.

South on Coast Highway a block is a "cybleo" bar called the Boom Boom Room. On weekends, it's often packed with sweaty boys. If there's a line, don't bother. Some nights, however, it's worth a stop. An occasional silver fox might wander in to check out the boys.

There are no bookstores in Laguna Beach. About ten minutes south of the Little Shrimp, however, is Video Horizons. It's a tiny video store that isn't exactly cruisy, but it has an unusual selection of daddy videos to rent.

Bar:
The Little Shrimp, 1305 S. Coast Hwy., (714)494-4111

Video:
Video Horizons, 31674 Coast Hwy., (714)499-4519

ROOSTER

PHOTO BY MARIO

HOW TO BECOME A CR MODEL

If you are 18 or over and want to become a CR model, send us the best sharply focused, well-contrasted 35 mm color or black & white photo of yourself that you can find. Can't find a good photo? Then get the best photographer friend or acquaintance you know to take some shots. If you want us to publish a clothed portrait, go to a professional photographer. Please don't send Polaroids, shots in bright sunlight, sex shots, shots with flash shadows on the wall behind you, or shots with half your head or penis missing. If we accept your photo for publication, we will send you a release form. You can then tell us what code name you'd like to use and write out your biographical sketch for publication. If you want your photo returned, YOU MUST send along a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Photos must be cropped in most cases to fit in the allotted space, so please don't send your last print. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH ARE BEING CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION OR HAVE RECENTLY BEEN PUBLISHED IN OTHER MAGAZINES.

HOW TO WRITE TO CR MODELS, WRITERS, ETC.

Follow the instructions for answering a coded ad in the CR CLASSIFIEDS. Write, seal and stamp your fan letter, then write in pencil the name of the contributor in the center of the envelope. Place that envelope inside a slightly larger envelope and send it to us for forwarding. Remember, some contributors get hundreds of letters, so be patient. If you want photos returned, don't send them without a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

HOW TO SUBMIT MATERIAL FOR PUBLICATION

If you have never been published in CR before and would like to submit material, please write for guidelines and/or provide an outline or synopsis of the work you wish for us to consider. Please do not send unsolicited material unless you are a regular.

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THE POETRY OF DONALD VINING

TO AN AGED MATE, NAKED FOR HIS BATH

Your body now is far too frail
To bear the passion we once knew.
The armature shows through the tired flesh,
No longer hidden in muscles as it was
When I first saw you, admiring and desiring
Your body and the you it housed.
I saw you naked even before
I saw you clothed. Gleaming
With sweat and veiled in steam
Your beauty snatched my breath
As surely as the heat in the
Steam room of our first encounter.
It overcame my bias, strong then,
Against all suitors older than myself
And made my peers, my preference
Till then, look pale. But you were always
The exception to all my general rules.
That still is true, for even withered
Into frailty, I love your body best.
I have known its every inch so many many years.
My lips, my fingers, have explored
Its full geography. I've tasted all
Made marks upon the neck, the midriff.
Hours of joy were spent in the fork
Below. That body so diminished now
By age, was once my playing field
In the vigorous games of love.
As I viewed you first through steam
I see you now through mist,
Through tears of sadness that we all decline
And tears of joy that you remain
Where I can still embrace, but gently now
That body stricken by stroke and time,
Can offer my somewhat younger strength
To shore you up for our last miles
Together. Though wounded within
That handsome head still beams
The smiles that decades back
So quickened my pulse and that
Of rivals now lost track of,
The insignificant others.
When you shuffle back from your shower,
Smelling of soap and watered flesh,
I'll press my lips to that smile
And tenderly hold that fragile frame,
Loving what is today as much
As all that used to be.

Donald Vining is the author of A GAY DIARY (5 volumes, 1933-1982 - The Pepys Press) and HOW CAN YOU COME OUT IF YOU'VE NEVER BEEN IN?: ESSAYS ON GAY LIFE AND RELATIONSHIPS (Crossing Press). He lives in New York City.

MY LOVE
by Flores

It all started with a terse two lines plus a telephone number in a local paper classified ad. Even though the information was minimal, I felt compelled to call.

Initially, I had many uncertainties, but just by your look and your actions, you overrode all of them. You implied the only thing that mattered was our love. There would never be any problems we could not solve together.

From the very beginning, you took charge, never with force, but with quiet determination. Your love never failed to come through, regardless of how difficult I could be. We disagreed, we argued, I would rebel, but always your gentle grin and twinkling eyes would resolve our differences.

You could be difficult, to say the least. The times you ignored me when I came home late or from a trip I had to make. It was not a pique, just your determination not to show how much you had missed me. The drives we took. Instead of being beside me, you would sit as far away as possible, feigning boredom. But that bloody grin and twinkle always gave you away.

The nights when I was in the study, typing or writing. You would march in, and with your massive head, push my arm up as if to say, "Enough, I need you". You did the same when I was reading or watching the TV. Instead of being by me with your head either on my shoulder or in my lap, you would push the book away or block my view. "It's time for us and nothing else."

The times we would sit, my arm around you. We had reached a communication plateau few ever have. Words were never necessary, our minds transmitted our thoughts. You never condemned or pitied, only offered your assurances that my problems and fears were really not that important, and between us everything would be all right.

You did have one fear, the reason for which I never knew. But when it came upon you, all you asked for was to be held and loved...something I readily did regardless of what I was doing.

You delighted, even revelled, in keeping me off-balance. How many times did you create a situation where I would unwittingly do your bidding? Yes, it was a game, but how you relished watching me blissfully, seemingly unable to stop, to do something your warped little mind had devised. Of course, I would finally realize I had once again been manipulated, then you would flash that infuriating grin and your eyes would sparkle with glee. It was also part of our game that neither one of us would admit it was a game. I could not admit to being out-maneuvered and you would never hurt my feelings by being too smug. Smug you were, but always with your love showing.

Every night ended with a final embrace, every morning started with a gentle kiss. You could be difficult in the morning if I didn't immediately get out of bed. You would become stern, your eyes hard, and you would threaten me physically. Then, once I was up, that damn grin of yours would appear. Mission accomplished!

Yet, intuitively, you knew when I was ill or hurting. Then you were ever so gentle, ever so watchful. Always ready to offer your strength, your support, never complaining.

Finally, you became ill. You wouldn't admit it, your face and actions implying, "Just not feeling too well today, I'll be fine tomorrow." For months that was apparently true, at least I wouldn't accept any other explanation. Then all at once, the truth had to be faced, your veterinarian was too blunt. That final morning you struggled so hard to be your old self—you wanted me to remember what you had been, not what you had become. I went along with the charade, for that's what it was. I could not and would not embarrass you. One final lingering embrace and kiss, then you closed your eyes, still giving me your unconditional love.

Then I did what I could not do before. I cried. I cried at the cemetery. Eleven years later, I still miss you so very much, my love.

Once again, I will say those two words I've said every night to you for over twenty years.

'Night, Pups.

Brute 1972-1982

FLORES is one of our more popular writers and models. He's a wonderful pen-pal to so many and is one of our most enthusiastic supporters. An avid reader, he keeps us informed and out of trouble with a wealth of information. He's single, 66, retired and resides in the San Francisco Bay wine country, where he muddles along in horticulture under the surveillance of a 100 pound puppy and a 15 pound kitten.

SHOE

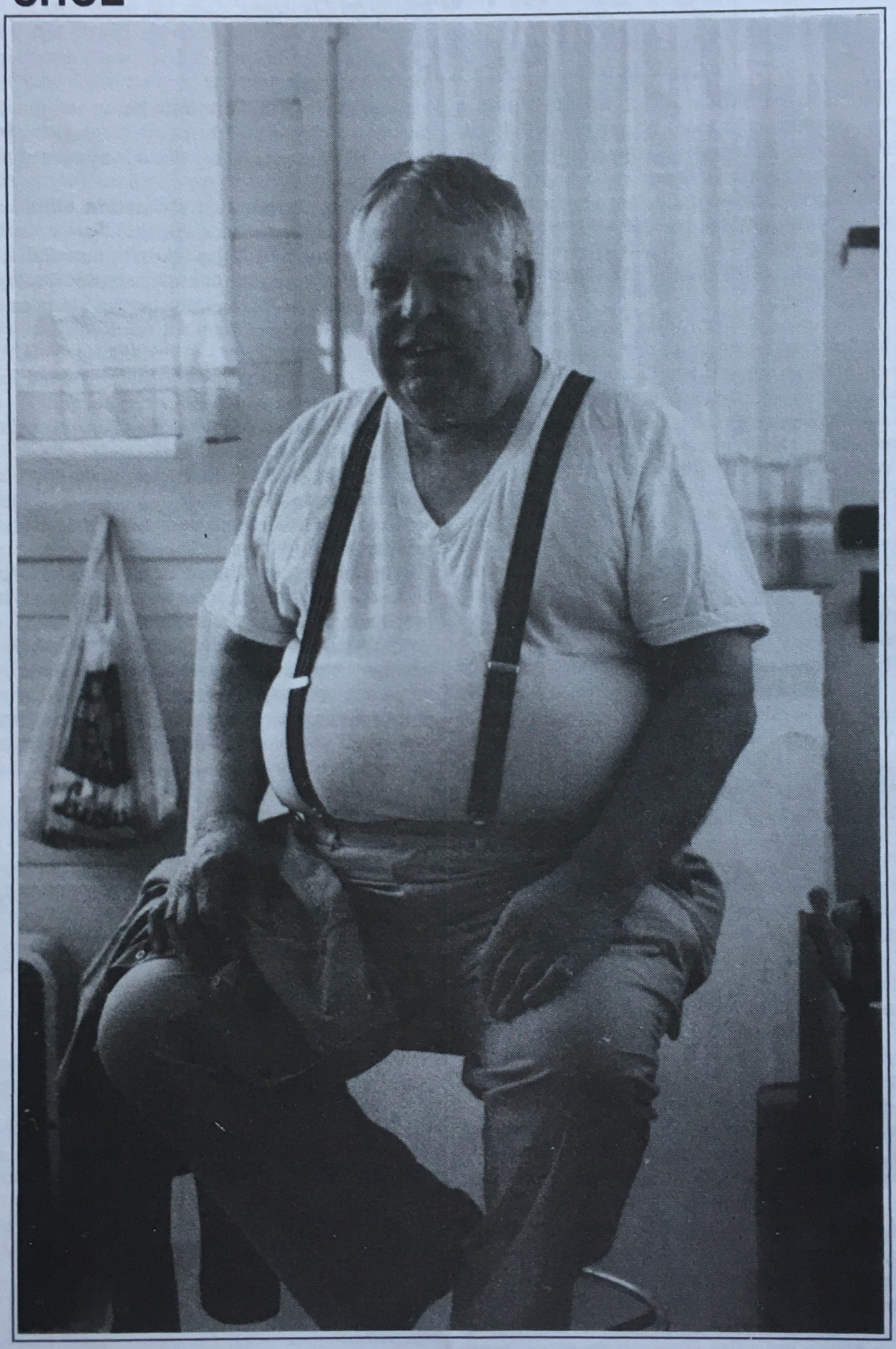


PHOTO BY SAM

BILL OF SAN FRANCISCO

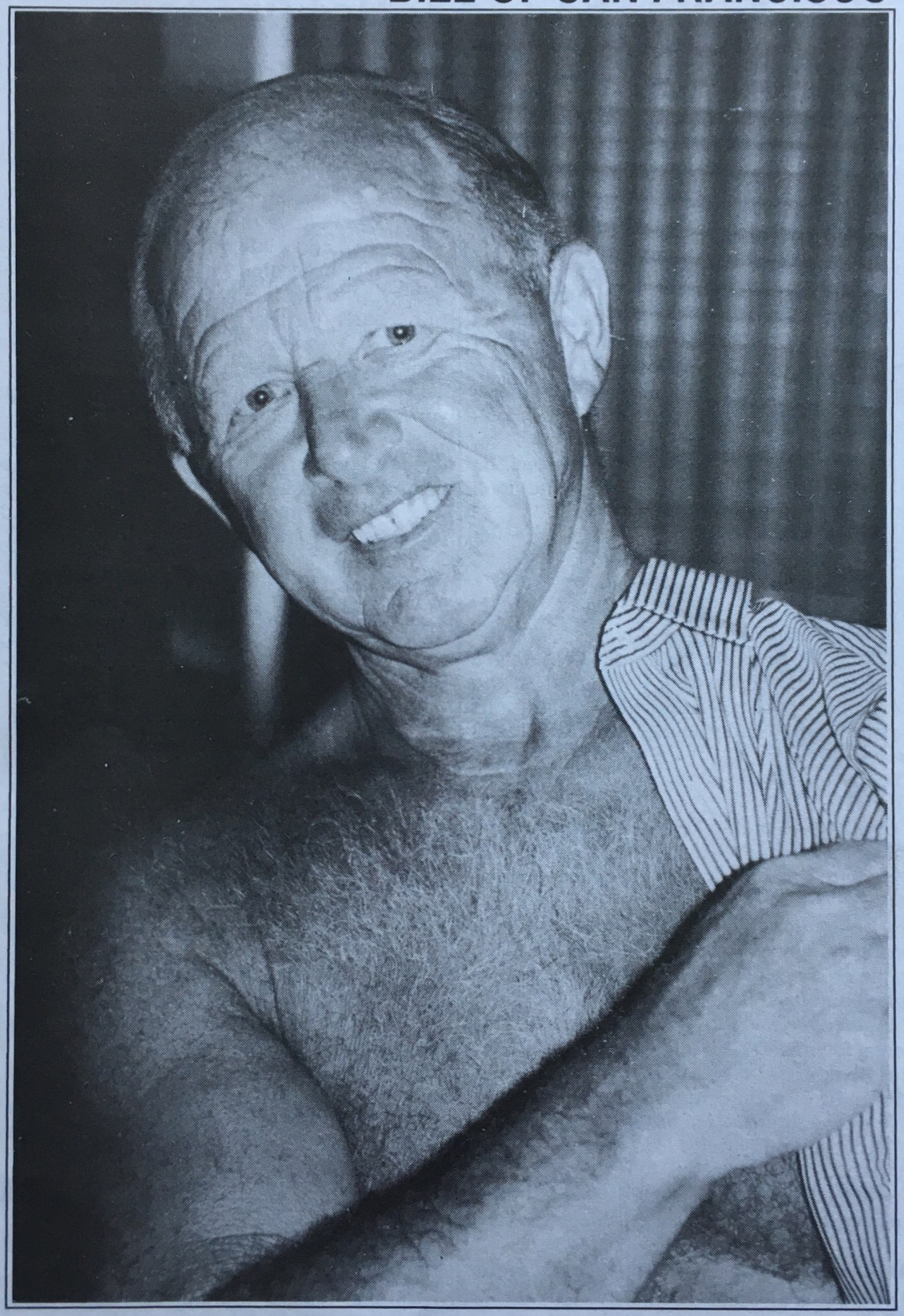


PHOTO BY STEVE

FICTION

A Matter of Maturity
by Marsh Cassady

He was a kid of eighteen or nineteen, hair a dirty-blond, dressed in faded jeans and a T-shirt that read "Big Apple." He came up to me at the bus stop outside my office.

"Beautiful day," he said. I figured he'd try to hit me up for money. Dozens of homeless people hung around San Diego's Gaslamp District. He was skinny, almost skeletal. "I was just wondering . . ." He pulled up the shirt to expose a ropy scar that ran from a milky groin to just below a scrawny neck. "I have this heart condition," he continued.

It was the sort of cut that proclaimed bypass surgery.

He pulled down the shirt and tucked it in, then pointed at the front. "That's where I'm from," he said. "New York. Rode here on the Greyhound; took me five days. I don't have a place to stay."

"I'm sorry." I reached for some change I had in my pocket, a couple of dollar's worth.

He stepped closer. "Are you gay?"

"What!"

"I'm a hustler, okay?"

I'm fifty-five years old. All my life I've thought that my sexual leanings weren't apparent to the casual observer. "Sorry," I told him, pulling out dimes and quarters to make a lump of my fist. I held out the money.

"You don't have to—"

"It's okay."

"Thanks," he said, taking the coins, shoving them into his pocket. He nodded and turned to a Mexican woman, thirty-five or forty. "Beautiful day," he said.

My bus pulled up; I climbed aboard and took a seat, feeling uneasy. Even if strangers who came up to talk to me could tell what I was, should it bother me? I sighed and looked out the window. No, damn it, what bothered me was that the kid approached me about paying for sex. Did he find me so unattractive or old that he figured I couldn't have sex any other way? I thought of a time years back when I was twenty-five or twenty-six. "I'm fifty-two," a neighbor told me. "I'll bet you think that's old." "No," I told him, "I don't."

The sidewalk was nearly empty when I stepped off the bus. A man, another stranger, strolled toward me.

"Hi," he said, as we met in front of a grotesque fountain of spitting cherubs.

"Hi."

"How are you?" he asked, his voice filled with liquid warmth.

Did I know this guy? "Fine," I said as we passed.

"Wait a minute," he called, and I turned. "Would you like to take me home?" His complexion was melted chocolate, his teeth sparkling white. I'm six feet tall; he stood a couple of inches shorter. Stocky, with the build of a gymnast, he looked to be in his early thirties.

"No, thanks," I said and turned. I thought to add: My lover wouldn't like it.

I hurried down the alley and across the courtyard. "Earl," I called as I opened the door.

"Yeah, Tom. I'm back here." He came out of the den. He had a full head of silver hair and a neatly trimmed beard; slender with just a hint of a paunch.

We embraced, kissed. "Earl?" I said. I sat on the sofa, he in the winged chair.

"Yes?"

I told him about the two encounters.

"Does that bother you?" he asked, apparently picking up on my tone and inflection.

"A little," I said, but it was a lot more than a little.

I was in my office, looking out the window when someone knocked.

"Hi, Rog," I said, letting him in. He was an electrician, re-wiring a hotel next door. We'd chatted a few times in the building manager's office.

"I hate to ask," he said, "but can you spare a couple of dollars?"

"Sure." I didn't know him well, but he seemed a nice enough guy, handsome in a Harry Belafonte sort of way.

"I wouldn't ask except—"

"You don't have to explain."

He pulled out the extra chair by the desk and sat down. "I just bought this car. A '52 Ford, a classic." He laughed. "It needed a lot of work, so I'm broke."

I grabbed a five from my wallet.

"I don't need that much. Just enough for a gallon or so of gas."

I stuffed the five back inside and pulled out two ones.

"Thanks," he said, standing, taking the bills. "I get paid tomorrow."

Just after he left the manager came in. "Was Roger just here to see you?"

I nodded.

"He asked you for money, right?"

"A couple of bucks for gas." I was surprised; I thought the two of them were friends.

Bill laughed. "It was a come-on. Roger thinks middle-aged guys will fall all over themselves to get to him."

"I thought he was straight," I said. "He talks about his ex-wife, his girlfriends."

"Sure, but this is business."

"It happened again," I told Earl that evening.

"What did?"

I sat beside him on the sofa. "I was hustled." I told him about Roger.

"So did you give him any money?"

"Two bucks."

"Two bucks!" Earl broke out laughing.

"What the hell do I know about hustling?" I asked.

"You're still upset."

"I've never been hustled before, and now all at once—"

"How do you know that?" he asked.

"What?"

"That you've never been hustled before. You're not even aware of guys making passes—"

I shook my head. Earl often pointed out someone he said was cruising me.

"Everyone looks," Earl said. "Even you."

"Now wait a minute—"

"It's all right. People look whether they're hustlers or not." He took my hand in his. "You don't consider yourself old, do you?"

"You know I don't."

"But fifty-five is a significant age, just like sixty-five or seventy. In some people's eyes . . . fifty-five is getting up there."

"You think I've been hustled before without knowing it? But now I'm more sensitive because—"

He grinned. "Because you're finally acquiring the wisdom of age?"

I reached over and tickled his ribs. He grabbed my arms and shoved me back. So here we were, these two senior citizens, suddenly rolling around on the floor.

MARSH CASSADY, 58, is the distinguished author of 26 books, both fiction and nonfiction. Many of his works have been adopted into the theater curricula at major universities. Holding a Ph.D. in theater, he is now copublisher of Crazyquilt, *a mainstream literary quarterly. He lives in San Diego with his lifemate, JIM KITCHEN, 73. Marsh is included in the recent biographical source book:* Contemporary Gay American Novelists, *edited by Emmanuel S. Nelson.*

THE ARTWORK OF JAMES L. HAWKINS

PROFILES OF OUR MODELS, PHOTOGRAPHERS AND ARTISTS

MODELS

FRONT COVER: **CARL LAWRENCE** is single, in his early 50s, and resides in the San Francisco Bay area. His interests include photography, music, theater, cooking, needlepoint, people, and quiet evenings at home. Carl is the organizer and coordinator for the February 26th regional CR gathering at the Metropolitan Community Church in the Castro area of San Francisco.

Page 2: **HERBERT TAREYTON** is 58, 6'-1", 182#, soft-spoken and masculine. Semi-retired, he lives in Florida and has a home to share with an intelligent, secure, masculine, hirsute or stocky senior to late sixties.

Page 4: **PLOVER** is a professional entertainer who lives in West Hollywood with lifemate, CR artist QUETZAL. He will be providing some of the entertainment for the Las Vegas Gathering next year. **JOE**, one of CR's honorary cofounders, lives in Mississippi and is the lifemate of fellow model, HARRY. These wonderful guys have been with us all the way. Joe and Harry love to meet new, exciting friends. **UNICORN** is a hot senior who lives in the sultry south with his handsome partner of many years. Like Joe and Harry, he and his mate have an open relationship and enjoy meeting new friends. **ERNIE BABY** recently moved from Arizona to Mississippi, but he does a lot of traveling. The guy loves to meet new friends, especially fellow seniors, and enjoys pen pals. **THE SHEIK** has lived in Florida for 25 years because he loves the sun and hot weather. He also loves easy music, snorkeling, and warm, loving men. He's 59, retired and able to travel to meet new friends. Photo, please.

Page 5: **J.B.** likes his own age (not given) to 70, all shapes and sizes, who like to have fun and enjoy life. He likes sports, theater, music, golf, and safe sex. Relationship possible. **BABY BANKER** is 32, single, and living in Rio de Janeiro. He likes, among other things, reading, writing, cooking, traveling and making love with stocky to heavyset mature men. He's looking for a special roommate for the Gathering and also for a long-term relationship. **SPARTACUS**, 35, is a native of Italy, now living in Florida with his lover. He's turned on by men like BULLFINCH, and both he and his partner would like to meet nice people over 45 to entertain in their 5-bedroom house near the beach. **CYGNUS** lives in Connecticut, but he loves to go to Florida at least twice a year. He adores the beach and burly, 50+ men. When you see him at Chardee's, go up and tell him you saw his photo in CR.

Page 6: **JIM NASIUM** is 60 and lives in San Francisco. We aren't sure if you can write him in care of P.R. Simon Productions, but you might want to try. Please don't send to us. **ZIPPER** (57) **& NIPPER** (72) are lifemates and live together in the Palm Springs area. They've been popular CR models for a long time and have a big following through their video exploits too. You may write to them through us. **HARLAN CHRISTIANSON** and **JEFF WHITE** are 57 and 58 respectively. The former lives in the L.A. area and the latter hails from San Francisco. We know nothing more about these gentlemen and cannot forward fan mail to them.

[Note: All the above men on page 6 can be seen in P.R. Simon's new video, DADDY VIDEO VOLUME IV. See our review in this issue.]

Page 7: **PETERBUILT** is the mate of SMITTY (page 60). These robust guys love to travel and socialize. Other enjoyable hobbies include photography, collecting antiques, bear collecting, astrology and most sports. They'd love to hear from other down-to-earth couples and single men for friendship and fun. **JACK WELLS** is 36, single, and lives in Maryland. He's looking for a stocky to heavyset, bearded, older man with whom to share his life. He likes cuddling, taking long walks and looking at the stars at night. **POLAR BEAR** is 40 and lives in Pennsylvania. He enjoys gardening, camping, sports, outdoors, music, art, photography, and running his own company. He and his companion of 5 years enjoy corresponding and making new friends with bearded, bearish-type men **MERLIN**, currently residing in New Mexico, is 39 and likes gentlemen his own age or older who are furry teddy bears. He loves dogs and shows them. He says that someday he will move back to Texas to finish school.

Page 18: **MAJOR** is a retired Ohio senior who enjoys boating, fishing, antiques and meeting new friends. He's single and interested in a possible future relationship.

Page 19: **R.B. REAL** is 73, 6'-1", 175# and resides in the Southwest. For all you guys who've requested more photos of older men with low hangers . . . here ya go!

Page 24: **SHOE** is 65 and weighs in at 273. He lives by himself in Los Angeles and enjoys old movie palace architecture, trains, ships and travel. He'd like to correspond or meet men younger than himself—especially those who are interested in the arts.

Page 25: **BILL OF SAN FRANCISCO** is in his 60s and has a sunny outlook on life. He also likes the outdoors, flowers, soft music, dogs, cats and travel. He seeks serious companionship of another middle-age guy.

Page 32: **BAMBOO** is 53 and lives in England. Currently under-employed, he is a linguist and author with a lifelong admiration for intelligent, masculine men 60+. He loves travel, nudism, massage, bridge, cooking and meeting new friends, especially in the U.S.

Page 33: **BRUNO** is a 48-year-old Italian living in New York. He's 5'-8", 158#, bisexual, very versatile and likes mature people.

Page 49: **THE HERMIT** lives in rural New York State, where he enjoys quiet evenings, outdoors, wood cutting, horses and gardening. He's 5'-10", 250# and is looking for a very masculine man, 20-40, who has a beard, long hair, an honest heart and is between150-200#.

Page 57: **CLEANING DICK** was born in Ballarat, the son of a gold digger. But he's not interested in mining. He travels all over southern Australia and is very good with his hands. **BIKIE BLOKE** is 56, but he feels you're never too old to ride a bike (he has 3 old BSAs he's restoring). He lives on the outskirts of Geelong with a mate, but he likes to meet others. **TUMBLE TOM** is 52 and lives in Victoria. He says that he's a big man with

a small parcel, but he's happy to carry similar packages. His freedom is a bit restricted, but he can meet up with visitors to Victoria. **JINKER JACK** says that the things said about him are correct but doesn't say what they are! He drives a timber truck and won't see 50 again, but he really likes blokes about his own age.

Page 58: **BILL WORRALL** is a very talented professional keyboard artist/comedian who will be our main attraction at the Las Vegas Gathering. He's also a cruise specialist and is handling the mature men's cruise mentioned in this issue. He lives in Rancho Mirage near Palm Springs. **PAUL II**, a Southern Californian, is looking for a one-to-one relationship in the L.A. area with someone to 40. He likes gentle love, the home, cooking, music, good conversation, reading and some travel. **JAMES I & II** have been together for 38 years! They have an open relationship and welcome visitors for friendship and fun to their home in Florida. **RICCO** is a portrait painter/artist in his late sixties, 6'-4", 268#, and lives in the Miami area. He's a good cook, a music/art lover, and a top (but versatile). He's looking for someone over 55, affectionate, loving, sincere who is willing to commit to a monogamous relationship. Gray/white hair, husky, hairy, moustache are pluses.

Page 59: **RED MOON** is a young Southern Californian who likes sports, weight-training, C & W dance music, leather, and heavyset men between the ages of 50 and 65. He prefers nonsmokers and non-drinkers with salt and pepper beards, moustaches and hairy bodies. **J.M.M.** is 46 and lives in the mid-Atlantic region, where he's an artist/collectibles dealer. He's affectionate and open to warm, masculine, hung, mature Dad types. Will entertain visitors. **MANUEL**, 25, lives in Mexico where he is studying sociology. He loves music, reading, pre-Hispanic culture, Indian art, movies, cooking, dogs and long talks. He seeks romantic, stocky gentlemen, 55 and up. **HANSRUDOLF** is a handsome, burly young man who lives with his older lifemate in Switzerland. He speaks several languages (English included) and knows a multitude of sexy, mature men throughout the world. He and his lover travel extensively and enjoy meeting new friends.

Page 60: **SMITTY** (see PETERBUILT above). **QUETZAL** (see ARTISTS below). **SMILEY** lives near Tel Aviv and is looking for a mature, father-image companion/lover. Gray hair and/or moustache is an added attraction. He's capable of great love and affection. **HOLLYTREE** is 47 and lives alone near suburban Philadelphia. He enjoys traveling, choral singing, and collecting all types of music. He's not interested in a lover relationship, but he enjoys meeting men over 40 who live in the Mid-Atlantic region.

Page 61: **AXOLOTL** is retired, has written for CR under another name, likes music, crafts, travel, whatever. He lives alone and would enjoy correspondence with CR readers. **SMOKEY MOUNTAIN BEAR** is a bi, 50-year-old, discreet, shy and loveable southeastern bear and collector of sports cars who seeks correspondence with same or older. **JACOB** is a retired university professor living in the state of Washington. This brilliant musician travels more and knows more people world-wide than the secretary general of the U.N. He will be providing some of the entertainment at the Las Vegas Gathering. The man simply loves meeting new people and experiencing new adventures. **DIOGENES** is in his 70s and is presently unattached in south Florida. Like his Athenian namesake, he's hoping to find an honest man with whom he can form an honest relationship. Photo, please.

Page 62: **HERMAN THE GERMAN** is one hot hunk! He's 63, 5'-8", 185# and lives in the San Fernando Valley near L.A. He bluntly says, "I prefer good head. Most of the time I'm trade, unless the other guy is as endowed as me or more so. I like big, plain and simple, and prefer guys who are masculine and are under my age. Any race is okay. I'm not happy with my own weight, so I also prefer lean to stocky, but not heavy." All this and he's single.

Back Cover: **LES** hails from New England but now lives in San Diego. He likes to collect CDs of classical music and videos of Broadway shows and really loves to hug and cuddle. He doesn't have the puppy anymore, but he does have two cats.

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

CHELSEA WILLIAMS is one of the top professional studio photographers in the business and one of our best supporters. Although he's not in the routine portrait business, he will photograph a limited number of our readers for publication in CR, provided they reimburse him for his expenses. You may contact San Franciscan Chelsea through CR.

RICHIE II is one of the finest action photographers we've ever had the pleasure of dealing with. Richie was a photojournalist at one time but decided to go back to school for his masters in a completely different field. Now that he's earned his degree, he has more time to search for models like HERMAN THE GERMAN. Just wait until you see the photos in CRC #4 that were too hot for CR! If you're a senior, live in Southern California and want to be shot by RICHIE II, write him in care of CR.

ARTISTS

Page 8, 27: **JAMES L. HAWKINS**, 66, lives with his lover of 15 years, Jack Gray, age 73, in their home in West Los Angeles. They both are active in collecting 19th and 20th century original art, which includes some fine examples of the male nude. James has been drawing from the male nude for over 44 years and taught life drawing for several years at Beverly Hills Adult School.

Page 43: **QUETZAL**, 40, is a very bright and attractive artist who lives with model PLOVER in West Hollywood. He's one of our most prolific contributors.

Page 48: **RAM** hardly needs an introduction if you've followed CR for awhile. He has few peers in this genre, as you can surmise. This magnificent professional artist (he only does erotic material for us) lives with his partner in Illinois and Florida and loves to garden. If you haven't seen his two awesome masterpieces in CR CLASSICS #3 (one in color and one in black & white), you really ought to get a copy. Stunning erotic artwork like this comes along once in a generation.

VIDEOS WITH EXOCET

P.R. SIMON PRODUCTIONS "DADDY VIDEO VOLUME IV: PAPPA ME'NAGES A' TROIS"

I think the title should read: "Papa Ménage A Trois," but what the hell do I know? Since the video consists of three segments involving three-ways, I think I get the name connection. The bottom line is that P.R. Simon has released another video, and it's really worth seeing.

"Top Me Off" is a sequel to "Fill Me Up, Daddy," which was presented in DADDY VIDEO VOLUME III. This time the tall, lanky young man, complete with a Hitler moustache, brazenly returns to the canyon home of the rancher (Harlan Christianson) with obvious thoughts of a repeat session. He gets a lot more than what he bargained for, however. Harlan is a nicely endowed, rugged, bearded senior with sparkling, soulful eyes and an easy manner. Alone, he could (like in the last video) quite easily screw this young man's brains out, but this time he has a house guest (Jeff White), a balding (with white-fringe), hard-bodied, 58-year-old with a monster penis. But I'm jumping ahead of myself. First we have to endure a lot of nervous, impromptu chit-chat. Even if these three guys *could* act, you'd be hard-pressed to hear what they're saying. The sex gets a little kinky, unsafe and drawn out, but Harlan and Jeff are well worth watching. Simon ends this part rather sweetly. After all the gymnastics are over, he cuts to a three-shot of our characters sleeping together with the young Adolph in the middle. The young man awakens with a start and, apparently late for another appointment, quietly dresses. On the way out, he gently kisses the foreheads of the two sleeping silverbears.

"Plumber Helpers," is also a sequel. If you saw DADDY VIDEO VOLUME II, you'll remember that hilarious episode with CR's own Zipper (a homeowner with a plumbing problem) and Nipper (the plumber who comes to the rescue). This time, Zipper is in the plumbing section of a store and runs into Nipper, who now has a helper, Jim Nasium (get it?). (Like his co-stars, Jim is a senior, but he's much leaner than the hefty Zipper and Nipper.) Zipper invites the two plumbers to dinner and they accept. Over dinner on a beautiful glass table, Simon treats us to more chit-chat—only this time the improvisation is much more coherent and humorous. After all, Zipper and Nipper are very funny men, and I hear that Nipper acted in some movies (Pat Colley quips that they were silent movies). After completing their meal, all three men undress and Simon gets some good shots above and below the glass. There are problems maintaining erections, but the ensuing three-way is rather interesting. I was disappointed that there was no opportunity for Zipper and Nipper to be typically funny, as in VOLUME II. The sundae construction scene between Zipper and Papa Bear is a masterpiece, and my sources tell me that the entire concept was Zipper's idea. Such deranged talent should never be allowed to go to waste. Let the big Z write his own scripts, please.

"Don't Ask - Don't Tell," features Jeff White in his second appearance, this time as a marine colonel. No bantering in this one. An MP and a sergeant report to the colonel for disciplinary action after being caught in a compromising position. The MP, played well by a young handsome Asian, explains: "I caught him masturbating, and . . . well, one thing just led to another, sir." The colonel threatens them with the brig, but the smooth-talking MP suggests that perhaps some other form of punishment would suffice. To this, the colonel moves to the front of his desk and asks, "Have you ever sucked the cock of a colonel?" With that, the officer unleashes his beast and the two sergeants go about their tasks like dedicated, gung ho marines. With an endless loop of the Marine Corps Hymn in the background, the three men assume every position imaginable. The action is really quite good, but God, someone do something about that music! I recommend you watch this part while listening to Ravel's "Bolero."

As of this writing, I have no idea what P.R. Simon is charging for this video, but I assume that it's their usual $69.95 + $4 P & H. See Simon's ads in CR or call them for more information.

MAXIMUM DENSITY PRODUCTIONS "WILD SEX IN THE WORKING CLASS" 90 Minutes. $49.94 + $4 S & H

(See ad in this issue)

First, P.R. Simon traveled to Europe to shoot a video ("CHUBBY VIDEO VOLUME VIII"). Now it's Maximum Density's turn. This video was shot in Belgium and was produced and directed by Phillipe Genion, one of the founders of Girth & Mirth Belgium. It starts out with a bang with some very clever and professional-looking graphics, but the footage doesn't seem nearly as bright and crisp as the first Maximum Density video. Maybe some quality got lost in the reformatting, since the video was done in French and no doubt produced primarily for European distribution.

Part one opens with a burly, hairy, fortysomething delivery man delivering a case of wine to an equally burly, 40ish customer. They end up in a dark wine cellar, where one thing leads to another. The activity is resumed upstairs on a couch, where the two bearish men go after one another with abandon. As in so many porn video segments, the producers use an endless loop of some obscure rock piece, so the background music can get awfully monotonous during a long, sweaty session.

Part two presents a disguised (cap and sunglasses) hunk having a beer on a patio. It is hard to determine the man's age, but I assume he's in his late 30s or early 40s. He fondles himself for awhile then takes his solo act to his bathroom, where he takes off his disguise and climbs into the tub with his face

away from the camera. Without good lighting and due to the fact that the tub and wall tile are black, the scene is a little too dark and murky. Finishing his bath, the man re-dons his disguise and takes his autoeroticism to his bedroom, where he watches a bizarre video from his bed while masturbating. Now how many guys do you know wear sunglasses and a ball cap to bed? This one made me feel somehow cheated. It was like watching Batman pound his pud in a dark alley.

Part three brings about a modicum of redemption. It's another solo featurette, but at least this hunk has short, gray hair, is very well put together, and you can clearly see his handsome face. By now, I'm thinking: disguises? Solos? Did they have a shortage of volunteers? But it was a pleasant experience watching this delicious-looking man's eyes roll back as rapture overtook him.

Part four is strictly for guys into super heavyweight types—and younger ones at that.

This video isn't for all mature men admirers, but parts one and three are definitely hot stuff for my taste.

40+ PRODUCTIONS
"BONE POWER."
60 minutes; $39.95 + $4 S & H
(See ad in this issue for address)

Due to the popularity of beefy, 50-year-old Peter Bone in "40+ VOLUME I & II," the producers whipped up a quicky 60-minute tribute to this maddeningly stoic, sexy, steely-hung, French-passive construction worker-type. Peter takes on that insatiable, late-60s fellatio machine, Frank Garbo and equally hungry friends.

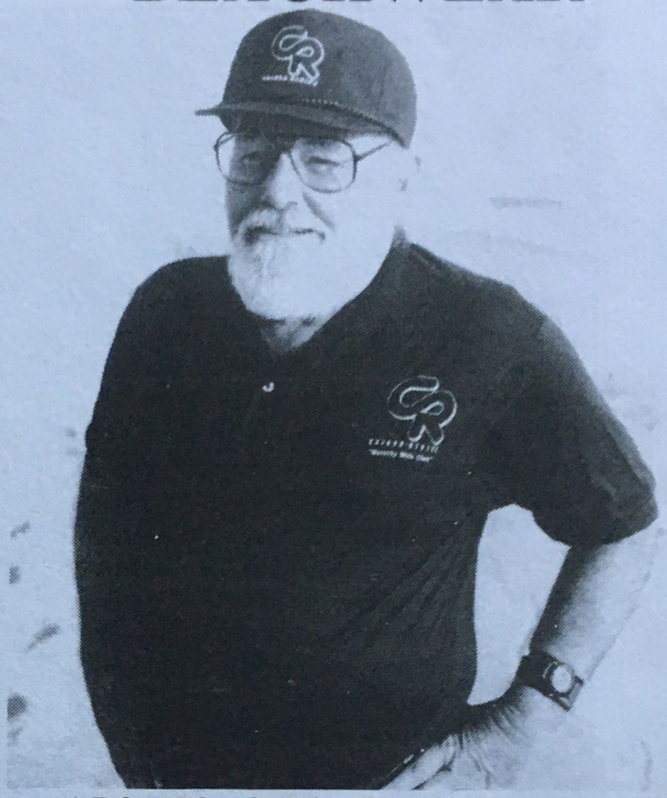
Silent Mr. Bone allows his penis to do all the communication. It seems to reach out in all its rigid splendor and beg entry into the warm crevasses of his partner's mouth as its master's ice-blue eyes regard the mouth's owner with a look of idle amusement. This is highly recommended for French actives looking for fresh and mellow rough trade fantasies. The producers call this "Wallpaper Porno" or background stuff, hence the low price. The editing isn't that remarkable, and there isn't even a music track. But the quality isn't bad, and, quite frankly, I enjoyed it at least as much as the other videos in this review.

I heartily recommend all three videos.

EXOCET is a very secretive, deeply closeted retired navy captain who lives in Newport Beach. He prefers to stay anonymous and does not seek mail which requires a response.

[Publisher's Note: Both P.R. Simon and 40+ Productions promise to have producers and crews at the Las Vegas gathering and will be filming at locations away from the hotel. Those C-Risers who would like to be in a video, please contact these companies through the information in their ads.]

BIG MAC BEACHWEAR



T-SHIRTS, POLO SHIRTS AND BALL CAPS WITH THE CR LOGO, FEATURING BOTH TASTEFUL (ABOVE) AND OUTRAGEOUS (NOT SHOWN) DESIGNS BY DENNY, BIG MAC AND WALTER MITTY.

AVAILABLE IN NAVY BLUE ON WHITE OR WHITE ON NAVY BLUE--ALL WITH THE QUALITY OF ONEITA AND HANES AND AVAILABLE IN MEDIUM, LARGE, EXTRA LARGE AND EVEN XXL FOR YOU BIG MEN.

OTHER COLOR COMBINATIONS COMING SOON, ALONG WITH BUMPER STICKERS AND OTHER SURPRISES

FOR A FREE BROCHURE, SEND A SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE TO:

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P.O. BOX 7086
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THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS

Is an enchanted, secluded bed and breakfast house perched atop a mountain in the midst of an ancient redwood forest. Guests are pampered with elegantly appointed rooms, gourmet breakfasts, a spa, breathtaking views of the Russian River, and the wafting fragrance of thousands of flowers. Located north of San Francisco near the coast and west of Santa Rosa. Come stay with PAPA and BABY BEAR. For more information, write: HOUSE OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS, P.O. Box 369, Monte Rio, CA 95462, or call (707) 632-5571.

PHOTO BY PANDA

BRUNO

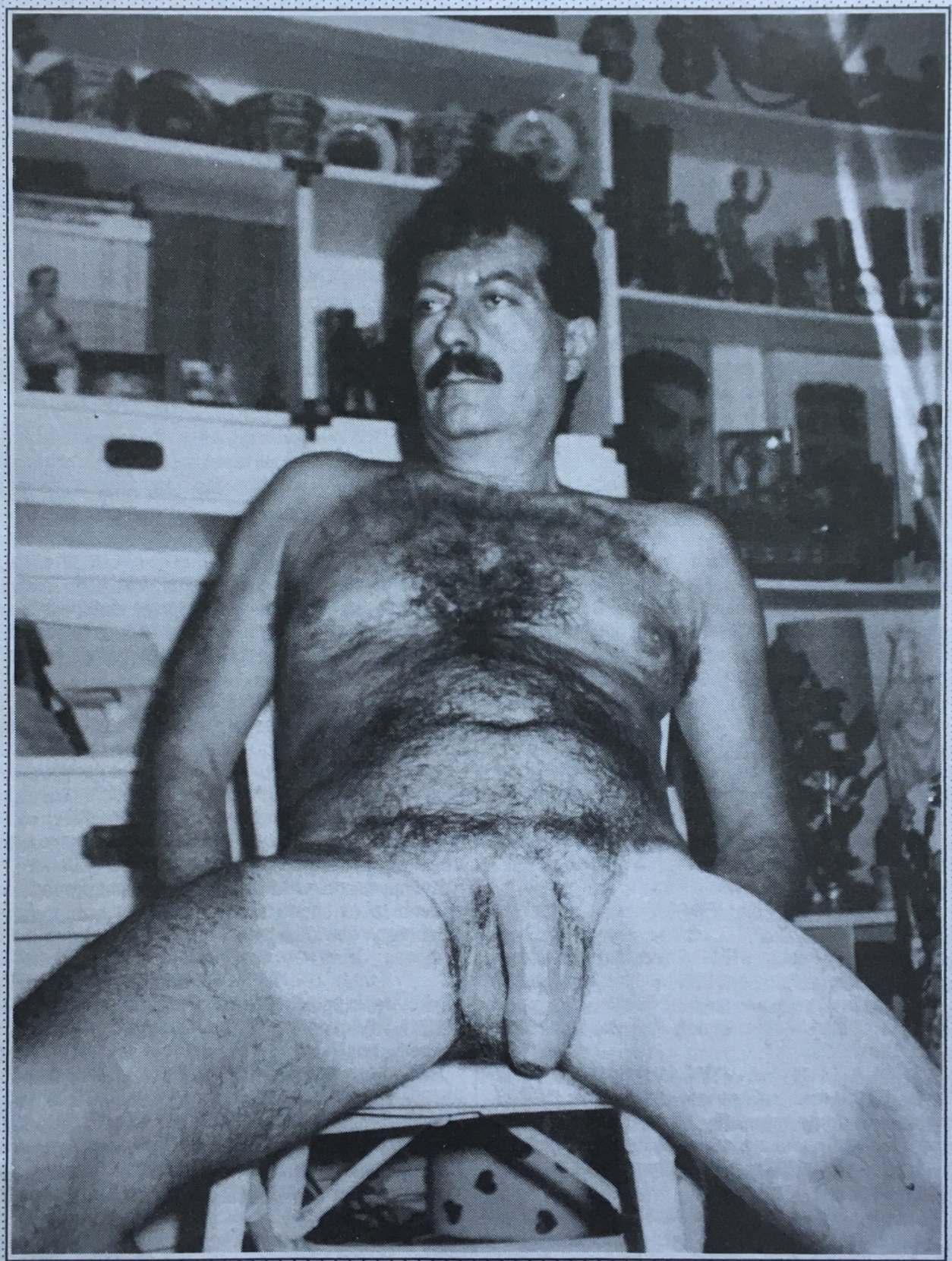

PHOTO BY CARLO

THE CR CLASSIFIEDS

1. COMMERCIAL RESPONSE TO PERSONAL ADS: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature must be placed in the commercial section. Readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising and forwarding privileges to any person found doing this.

2. PERSONAL ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Personal advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. We will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or experience resulting from the use of our classified ads, be they personal or commercial. We will monitor all ads and refuse to publish those which obviously imply fraud or peril. Very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in erotic magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We urge our readers to use these ads with the utmost caution and common sense.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in back issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands.

6. SEXUALLY EXPLICIT ADS: We will not publish ads with sexually explicit or coarse language designed more for shock value than for attracting a partner. We reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads.

7. INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS, which are those with **BOLD** code names at the end of the ad and no address:

a. Write, stamp and seal your letter inside a discreet envelope. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. YOUR RETURN ADDRESS MUST BE ON THE LETTER. If you do not have access to U.S. stamps, send $1 or 2 international reply coupons for every 3 letters.

b. **IN PENCIL ONLY**, lightly write the codeword in the center of the envelope.

c. Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to CR at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

8. INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING MODELS, WRITERS AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS: Same as #7.

NOTE: Unforwardable letters will be returned with brief explanation on back of envelope. Stamped letters not meeting the above requirements will be returned with no explanation. Letters with no stamps affixed will be shredded.

ALASKA

(2/94) FAIRBANKS: WM, 58, 5'-9", seeks younger GM to share the beauty of the last frontier. No anal or pain. I'm a lover and toucher; you be too. Age, weight, color, not a problem. If you're not sincere and not in need of someone to care, don't write. Will answer all responses. Picture would be nice. I will accommodate also. Write: Don Whalen, P.O. Box 82838, Fairbanks, AK 99708.

ARIZONA

(6/94) TUCSON: GWM retiree, 56, 6'-1", rugged, masculine, nonsmoker/drinker, nudist, new to area. No drugs or heavy drinkers. Looking for friendship, maybe more, any race, under 50. Very flexible and able to travel extensively. Write: Model **BAREKAT**

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(6/94) SAN FRANCISCO: GWM, early 60s, short, stocky, bald, hairy, hung, healthy (HIV-). Prefer under 50 for safe encounters. I'm top only, into light S & M. Not interested in relationship. Occasional travels to major U.S. cities. I'm model BAY AREA TOP in CR#51. Write: John B., P.O. Box 31335, San Francisco, CA 94131-0335.

(4/94) PORTLY TO HEAVYWEIGHTS: GWM, 60, 5'-6", 200#, smooth, 6" uncut, retired, cover model for CRC#3. Seeks large to very large men, any age. Open to lifetime commitment. Pen pal, photo exchange nationwide welcome. Can travel. Don Charles, 53787 Hwy 245, Miramonte, CA 93641, (209) 336-0006.

(2/94) SAN FRANCISCO: GWM, 57, 5'-10", 180#, 9" cut, would like to meet gentlemen over 60 to discipline and love me. I always do as I'm told. Roger Silberman, 962 Jones #1, San Francisco, CA 94109, or call (415) 441-5191.

(2/94) OLDER CULTURED GENTLEMAN: Shy British humor, professional, 65, attractive face, body, big tits, hairy, slender, uncut, seeks warm, fun, lustful lover for serious relationship only. HIV negative. Write: **SUMMERSET**

(8/94) CAMPTONVILLE: I'm 63, 5'-8", 180#, nonsmoker, light drinker, brown hair, HIV negative, excellent cook, self-employed. Interests include travel, metaphysics, my home. Like J/O. I seek warm, fun lover for serious relationship. Uncut only. Write: Jack Beggs, P.O. Box 340, Camptonville, CA 95922, or call (916) 288-3237.

(2/94) IF YOU ARE SERIOUS about forming a monogamous life partnership/best friendship, read on. I'm looking for someone with time to invest (no multiple memberships, friendships or heavily scheduled lifestyle), and the capacity for love, generosity and caring. I'm GWM, 46, 5'-11", 160#, brown eyes, brown-gray hair/balding, masculine, very hairy, healthy, well-groomed, stable, adventurous, pleasant personality. Enjoy country music, travel, outdoors, movies, reading, hobbies. We share: good values, no addictions, height/weight proportional, clean-shaven faces, good sense of humor, calm/unpretentious personality, quiet lifestyle. Please include return address with response. John, P.O. Box 4654 Foster City, CA 94404.

(4/94) SANTA ROSA/NATIONAL/INTERNATIONAL: Where are all you chubby chasers? Baby face GWM, 53, 6 ft., chubby, HIV negative, nonsmoker/non-drink, nudist, 5-1/2 cut, big belly, hairless, big titties, 305#, founder of Sonoma Bares Nudist Club. Write: George Mills, P.O. Box 282, Fulton, CA 95439.

(4/94) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: 52, 5'-10", 210#, HIV negative, white hair and beard, seeking lifemate/partner and friends, single or couples. You enjoy quiet times, conversation, ideas. You are open, caring , loving, kind, affectionate and fun, with a good sense of humor. Write: N.D., Box 463, Forestville, CA 95436.

(4/94) CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 65, 5'-5", 170#, nonsmoker, light drinker, smooth skin, brown hair, HIV negative, straight acting. Like music, golf, fishing, dining, cards, travel. Looking for companion, possible lifemate over 55. Prefer stocky to larger build. Note and your picture for mine to: John,

2524 Ardmore Dr., San Pablo, CA 94806.

(2/94) SUMMER IN LAS VEGAS - NEED A ROOMMATE: Slim looking MR. DRIP, who lives in Southern California, is an example of whom I want: nonsmoker, 50 and older, kind and sincere, and likes to have fun. I am 47 years old, Latin, healthy, 5'-8", 175#, athletic. Write to: Jess, 8668 Tea Garden Ct., Sacramento, CA 95828, or call (916) 682-1889.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(6/94) L.A. AREA: Cute GWM, 30, 5'-8", 135#, muscular, smooth, gymnist body and financially secure, seeks very wealthy gentleman (over 55), with beerbelly, who weighs over 230#, for special bonding to share love and affection. Send correspondence to C.B., 8033 Sunset Blvd. #111, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

(4/94) L.A. AREA: GWM, 52, 6'-0", 230#, looking for friend to enjoy travel, sports, movies, dining and videos. Enjoy visiting CR readers on vacation trips. Write: **BIG BILL** or phone (909)-596-3612.

(2/94) BURBANK/SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: Happily horny, versatile GWM wants to meet others in varying states of impotency. Stocky, friendly and hairy 61, 5'-10", 205#, talented, masculine wants you. Size and age unimportant. HIV negative a plus. I am HIV negative, French A/P. Like J/O and lots of hugging, kissing. Prefer Burbank, SFV men, masculine and warm-hearted. Write Fred, Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510.

(2/94) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA-INLAND EMPIRE: GBM, professional, retired, 65, 5'-8", 210#, moustache, fit, HIV negative, French active/passive, Greek passive, seeks good-looking top who is masculine, athletic, 50-70, for sensuous, slow meetings, plus good food, movies, videos, conversation. Write: **SCORPIO**

(2/94) NATIVE ITALIAN: 75, bilingual, slender, healthy, solid body (uncut 6"), nonsmoker, well-educated & traveled, with lots of TLC to give, seeks chubby male (about 300#) who must live in San Diego. Write Paul Borutti, 109 University Ave. #6, or call (619) 291-8966.

(2/94) SAN DIEGO: 50 year old man, 5'-10", 170#, educated, discreet, oral top. Seeks slim man, 70+, for ongoing friendship. **IVY LEAGUER**

(2/94) PALM SPRINGS/NATIONWIDE: Average looking WM, 61, 5'-11", 203#, Greek passive, French A/P, seeks clean-cut guys, all ages, for friendship, fun, travel and/or possible relationship. Looks not important, but sincerity is! Photo/phone appreciated but not required. Discretion is assured. Write: Big Al, P.O. Box 911, Thousand Palms, CA 92276-0911.

(2/94) See GEORGIA

(4/94) PALM SPRINGS: GBM, 50, retired pro football player, 6'-1", 222#, HIV negative, very masculine, healthy (work out each day), very good body, nonsmoker, no drugs, non-drinker. I am very sincere and affectionate. I enjoy movies, cooking, eating out, traveling, sports, and lots of hugging and kissing. I am looking for a GWM who is HIV negative, retired, 65 +, honest bottom, nonsmoker, drug-free, who enjoys togetherness. I want someone who is willing to develope an affectionate, monogamous, loving relationship to bring joy to life and banish the loneliness through having each other to love. I know there is an older man out there who needs love the same as I, and I would like to please him with all the love I can give. Will reply to all letters. Please send photo and I will do the same. Write: H.M.W., P.O. Box 3175, Palm Springs, CA 92263.

CONNECTICUT

(4/94) BURLY, FURRY BEAR? GWM, 49, 6'-2", 185#, smooth, sexy bear-lover is looking for you! Jan, Box 851, Danbury, CT 06813, or (203) 794-0868

FLORIDA

(2/94) NORTH MIAMI-INTERNATIONAL: 63-year-young, 5'-5", chubby, 221#, intelligent, honest, caring, affectionate, seeks LEAN top man, 25-55, for serious monogamous relationship. A masculine man desired. Me: non-drinker/smoker/drug user. Seek same. I am HIV negative and seek same. I am into many cultural and psychic pursuits. A redhead a plus. Call (305) 892-1426 till 12 a.m., or write to Francis Cianflone, 920 N.E. 129th St., N. Miami, FL 33161.

(8/94) WEST PALM BEACH: CR Model (cover of #48 and inside #53) KARL has recently relocated from California. This late 50s ex-football player is single, flexible and looking for just the right masculine guy, any race, any mature age. Write: **KARL**

(2/94) SARASOTA/NATIONWIDE: Still lonesome old (smooth) teddy bear, 67. Like to cook. Love bed. Belt okay. Want sweet Daddy to cherish. Ted, 763 John Ringling Blvd. #B-8, Sarasota, FL 34236.

(2/94) NORTHEAST DADE: Calling all tomcats. Stop caterwauling! Declawed, completely passive, totally submissive, mature (70+) pussycat of moderate size (5'-6", 160#), seeks a dominant and hirsute tomcat who needs lots of loving, cuddling, and whatever else to satisfy him and keep him happy. No more catting around. Wants to settle down and raise some kittens. Write for more details. Photo a must. No reply without one. **PUSSYCAT**

(4/94) CENTRAL FLORIDA - U.S. 27/441: Couple, 68 and 71. Singles/couples, 25+ for friendship/sex, one to one, welcome to our home. Located 48 miles north of Orlando, 23 miles south of Ocala. No collect calls, drugs, freeloaders, S & M. Jim, P.O. Box 602, Lady Lake, FL 32158, or call (904) 753-2857.

(2/94) WEST COAST OF FLORIDA: If you are in your 30s and want a secure future filled with love, caring, affection and an opportunity to develop to your fullest capacity, write to me. I'm a GWM in my early 60s, and because of prostate problems, can function in every way except active sex. I have everything in life except a loving partner. Could it be you? Write: **MEMPHIS**

(10/94) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: GBM, 40, 5'-6", 160#, nonsmoker, seeks new friends, singles/couples. See my photo in CR #58. Write: **SHORTY**

(4/94) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: Tall, rugged, masculine, GWM, 60s, 6'-4", 265#, salt & pepper hair, moustache, youthful looking, hairy chest, tattoos, 6" cut, French A/P, Greek A (might be passive with the right man). I am a very affectionate, loving, sincere, caring, healthy person (HIV negative). I am seeking a man over 55, masculine, HIV negative, grey or white hair, husky, affectionate and loving, for a one-on-one, permanent relationship. I am an artist/portrait painter by profession, live alone and if necessary will relocate. I am not interested in one-night stands but in a monogamous and honest commitment. I love good conversation, quiet evenings at home, good music, fine art, good food, and a man with a good sense of humor. Under 6 feet and hairy a plus. Sincerity a must. Write: Russo, 505 N.E. 30th St., Apt. 404, Miami, FL 33137. Photo and phone number gets mine in return.

(4/94) NAPLES: GBM, 37, HIV negative, good-looking top, seeking older, good-looking, HIV negative, nonsmoking, clean-shaven (no facial hair) GWM or GOM bottom. You must be

very tall and slender, ages 45-65. Looking for a rugged, manly, outdoorsy type. No sissies or country club clones. Salt and pepper or silver hair a definite plus. Serious replies only. Your photo and letter get mine. Please read ad carefully and not waste our time. Miller Hall, P.O. Box 10017, Naples, FL 33941.

(6/94) NORTHWEST FLORIDA: GWM, 61, 6 ft, 222#, nonsmoker, attractive. Want to meet mature man who is sensitive, caring and if possible near Ft. Walton Beach, FL. There are no height, weight or looks requirements, but must be in 60s-70s age range. Balding and accents a plus but not mandatory. For more details, exchange photo/phone. Descretion appreciated. Write: **MORRIS**

GEORGIA

(4/94)) GEORGIA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 57, 6'-2", 170#, drink/drug-free, nonsmoker. Let's exchange info and photo about ourselves. Write: Ed, 215 Shirley Dr., Warner Robins, GA 31088.

(2/94) SAN DIEGO BOUND: GWM, 27, 5'-9", red/brown, attractive, masculine, with a muscular build. Moving to San Diego this spring and hoping to meet a mature bear for relationship. I am a secure professional who enjoys all outdoor activities (sports, biking, camping). Music is a passion and romantic evenings with a husky mature man is a favorite. You are 35-55 y/o, 200-265#, with a chubby but stocky to strong build. Positives include short hair or balding, thick beards, and body hair. You too are secure, romantic, and desire an exciting monogamous relationship. Phone/photo to: **NADR**

ILLINOIS

(2/94) CENTRAL/SOUTHERN ILLINOIS: 39-year-old, masculine, sincere and passionate man's man type, looking for mature (over 55) bears who are all man, yet playful, a bit passive, and interested in friendly weekend meetings. Photo, if possible. It will be returned. Write: **KINGFISHER**

(2/94) ILLINOIS/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 57, 6'-1", 185#, masculine outdoor type, seeking stocky, mature lifemate, built on love, affection, honesty, caring, respect, humor, sex and compatibility. Respond with picture and let's get to know each other for a happy life together. John Grusy, 1442 Betsy Ross Dr., Urbana, IL 61801.

(2/94) NORTHERN ILLINOIS: Massage exchange and friendship sought by 55-year-old Caucasian male, 5'-5", 175#, safe, sane, reasonably fit and secure. I'm drug and alcohol-free and expect the same. Let's trade our aches and pains for pleasure. Would also enjoy correspondence with similar males. Photo on request. Write: **PALMER**

INDIANA

(2/94) DADDY AND/OR UNCLE WANTED: 37, GWM, blond, bearded, 5'-11", 175#, seeks older, 40 to 60, for friendship and safe fun. Hairy and Hispanic most welcome, couples also. Like long, sensuous sessions. Write: **SON**

KENTUCKY

(2/94) KENTUCKY: GWM, 46, brown hair, brown eyes, moustache, hairy greying chest, 190#, 6 ft., uncut, low hangers, muscled body admirer. Prefer uncut men, 45-55, with good bods for me to admire. Friendship, relationship sought. Your pics get mine. Write: PECS

MARYLAND

(4/94) LAUREL: 55, retired. Interests: Men my age or near it. Likes are music, travel, shows, the beach, dancing. Am very versatile for the right person. Photo and letter get reply. Let's meet. Write: A.J. Tuminello, 312 Carroll Ave., Laurel, MD 20707-4316, or call (301) 317-5671.

MASSACHUSETTS

(2/94) BOSTON: Are you a younger man who likes older? Let's talk, correspond, meet. I'm 63, 5'-9", 205#, HIV negative, employed engineer, content with single life, but feel that it would be more fun to share. Prefer men legal to 40 years, on the lean side, not using drugs or tobacco. Any skin color fine. Dark hair, smiles and flashing eyes turn me on. Since I'm a father and grandfather, my experience with family life should make me a good companion. Photo gets mine. Write: **BOSTON BILL**

(8/94) CHEST TO CHEST - CHEEK TO CHEEK: GWM, 44, 5'-11", 185#, moustache, healthy, hairy, balding, good body, good mind, wants to meet mature men for warm long relationships. Let's share each other. Penpals from anywhere welcome. All replies answered. Write: Dick, P.O. Box 756, Reading, MA 01867-0405.

MICHIGAN

(2/94) GRAND RAPIDS: GWM, 34, seeks single, masculine GWM, 55-70, for long-term, monogamous relationship. Prefer handsome, grey-haired, extremely hairy, well-built men like BULLFINCH. Must be under 5'-10"/175#, a nonsmoker, cut and HIV negative. I am 5'-5", slender, brown/blue, HIV negative. Enjoy music, nature, camping, travel. Write: T.N., P.O. Box 2426, Grand Rapids, MI 49501

MISSISSIPPI

(2/94) YOUNG: 66, 5'-10", 160#, uncut top, seeks older, over 180#, uncut visitors or permanent companion. Looking for relationship. Likes loving. Only one hour from New Orleans. Photo and phone to Tom Horner, 212 Ballentine, Bay St. Louis, MS 39520.

MISSOURI

(6/94) KANSAS CITY: GWM, 53, 5'-10", 290#, dominant top, smoker, light drinker, in search of GWM, 21-35, trim, submissive bottom. Looking for friends first, maybe more. Honesty and boyish looks a plus. Reply with photo to: J.B., P.O. Box 45285, Kansas City, MO 64111.

(6/94) ST. LOUIS: 45, 5'-11", 185#, HIV negative, brown eyes, black hair with white streaks, average size. Enjoy computers, golf, reading, dining out, new age jazz, photography at all levels, bicycling, gardening, traveling, pets (dogs), the arts, j/o sessions, videos and magazines featuring men over 55 with hairy chests. Collector of photos of same. Looking for an individual who is sincere, loving, caring, robust, passionate, cuddler, masculine, monogamous, nonsmoker, over 55 with a hairy chest (an advantage), and willing to share the rest of our lives together . . . similar couple not ruled out. Photographs appreciated. Write to: **PHOTO MAN**

NEBRASKA

(6/94) OMAHA/MIDWEST: GWM, 5'-8 1/2", 160#, blond/blue, 43 years old, seeking large, balding, older man (short) for possible relationship. Photo appreciated but not necessary (yours gets mine). Thanks! Write: **OZZIE**

NEVADA

(2/94) LAS VEGAS/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 66, 5'-7",

185#, retired, seeking companion, permanent relationship or new friends. Any age will do. If necessary, can relocate. Pen pals wanted. Write: Ted Hale, 3601 E. Wyoming Ave., Sp. 23, Las Vegas, NV 89104-4933.

(6/94) NATIONWIDE: 38, 5'-10", 172#, Oriental, healthy, nice looking, fit, nonsmoker and non-drug user, sexually Greek passive. I am attracted to white male older than I am (to 55), stocky or heavy-set top. Seeking pen pal, friend or relationship. I like travel, hiking, camping, watching sunset, music and quiet time at home. Write: J.H., P.O. Box 41272, Reno, NV 89504.

(2/94) WANTED: Fellow traveler(s) to go Dutch with bi guy, 65, on land/sea/air jaunts worldwide. Leave your message - phone anytime: (702) 878-5116.

(2/94) RENO AREA: Masculine GWM, 5'-9", 170#, 68 yrs, nonsmoker/non-drugs, HIV negative, 5+" uncut, congenial, many interests: art, music, travel. Vigorous greybeard seeks friendships, correspondence and visits from all ages. Write: **ARTBILL**

NEW JERSEY

(2/94) INTELLIGENT, LOYAL FRIEND: sincere, caring and affectionate. BiWM, 65, 5'-11", 165#; interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual. Me: Dignified, balding, fit, HIV negative. You: Mature (any age), enjoy intimacy, communication, control. Ken (201) 592-6690, 6-11:30 pm or weekends. Will return all calls.

NEW MEXICO

(2/94) N.W. NEW MEXICO: I'm a 68-year-old grandpa, married and expect to stay that way. Looking for someone who loves foreplay, cuddling, and good old hot, safe sex. Seek HIV negative, drug-free, nonsmoker, around my age who will also respect other's needs. Want someone willing to share time, who likes quality fishing (catch and release) and some daytime quality loving. Need to be close to home. Write to: Bill Howard, P.O. Box 1186, Aztec, NM 87410.

NEW YORK

(2/94) DEPRAVED, DENTURED DADDY loves servicing horny men. No reciprocation, no hassle. Prefer big, bulky Italian/Greek blue collars, cops, truckers, hardhats, marrieds. Heaven: Big, hairy manass planted onto my face. Into threesomes/groups. Write: Bob, Box 3084, New York, NY 10163, or call (212) 684-3582.

(6/94) NEW YORK/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Seeking 45+ top man. Me: 45-year-old Italian, bottom, hairy, moustache, 180#, 5'-11", service-oriented, looking to please mature, masculine top man with hot (safe) sex and lots of affection. Masculine, powerful, positive attitude more important than looks or stats. Your photo gets mine. Photos returned. Write: **DRONGO**

NORTH CAROLINA

(4/94) CLINTON: 47, GWM, 7-1/2" cut, bottom only, loves sex. HIV negative. Looking for the Silver Fox who can give me the time of my life. I love good sex, food, soft times and hard times. I want my love to be over 49 years--someone who can fill me up when we are together. I am very loyal with whom I'm with, but he has to be over 49. I wish to work in a gay atmosphere, something like Key West or Palm Springs. Write: Willie V. Hobbs, 109 Kimbrough Rd., Clinton, NC 28328.

OHIO

(2/94) CLEAN-CUT, ALL-AMERICAN MAN WANTS CLEAN-CUT, ALL-AMERICAN BOY-TYPE (over 18): My 6'-3", 225# cuddly teddy bear appearance would suggest that I was a football player, which I was. My blond hair, blue eyes and fair skin would suggest that I was a Californian, which I was. I'm a great catch who hasn't been on the market for 16 years. A conservative dresser down to my boxer shorts, I'm honest and sensitive with a keen sense of the absurd. I own a successful business in Cleveland and a large house in Akron. I like good food, Manhattan, Newfoundland dogs and nice people. All-in-all, I'm a very special person who's looking for a very special person. Write with photo to: Barry, 336 South Rose Boulevard, Akron, OH 44313.

PENNSYLVANIA

(2/94) S.W. PA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 28, brown/blue, 5'-10", 350#, medium hairy, enjoys music, movies, nudism, genealogy, pets. Seeks: older (35-80), hairy top, in shape. Must be warm and loving. Will answer all. Photo gets first: Ben Shallenberger, RD 6, Box 2955, Mt. Pleasant, PA 15666.

(4/94) PENNSYLVANIA/NATIONWIDE: Asian, 62, 5'-4", 170#, stocky, husky, masculine, clean-shaven, nonsmoker, non-drinker, no drugs, HIV negative, French A/P. My interests: avid golfer, fishing, computer, fitness, plus other interests. Seeking: strong, stocky, rugged, thick-chested, masculine, 50+ with similar interests. Photo exchanged. Write: **GOLFER**

SOUTH CAROLINA

(2/94) SOUTH CAROLINA/SOUTHEAST: Seek friendship with guys who enjoy lively conversation, a laugh, travel, hot time between the sheets. Me: a mature, hefty, retired GWM with lively mind, spirit. Near I-95, I-20 and I-77. Write: Sandy, Box 1663, Camden, SC 29020.

TENNESSEE

(2/94) NORTHEAST TENNESSEE: Man into Native American movement, 62, 5'-5", 140#, warm, seeking serious companionship of a well-endowed nonsmoker/drinker who enjoys nudism and likes hairy guys. Write: **APPALACHIA**

TEXAS

(4/94) AMARILLO: Me: 6'-5", 270, 31 y/o, bearded, brown hair, hazel eyes. Don't smoke or do drugs. Interests: reading, Trek, dogs, music, Bears and mansex. I'm open-minded. Looking for friends and more. Benn, P.O. Box 50103, Amarillo, TX 79159, or call (806) 359-6842.

(4/94) SAN ANTONIO: WM, 32, 5'-6", 140#, nonsmoker, muscular build, masculine. Financially stable and secure, I'm looking for friendship and possible relationship with masculine WM, 45+, chubby to heavy. I'm HIV negative and seek same. Prefer nonsmoker. Absolute discretion required and assured. Write: **HAUS**

VERMONT

(6/94) VERMONT: BiWM, 60, 5'-6", 175#, shy, lonesome, introverted, nonsmoker and social drinker seeks caring master, black a plus, to teach me B/D, S/M, shock oral servitide. Mold me to your desire. Write: **JOCKO**

VIRGINIA

(6/94) VIRGINIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 57, 120#, 5'-7", endowed, HIV negative, retired, financially secure, lives alone, assures discreet privacy, safe sex only. I am outgoing,

affectionate, literate, and sincere, with wide interests in arts, antiques, music, travel, reading and needlepoint. I seek distinguished, physically fit, 70-75 plus, white-haired gentleman with whom personal hygiene is paramount, and who desires initial, frank, honest correspondence with the prospect of developing an affectionate friendship having potential for long-term, monogamous, loving, intimate relationship. All letters with photo (dressed or nude OK) get mine. Write or call: Bob Boone, 2819 Leeds Ct., Chesapeake, VA 23321. Phone (804) 483-8941.

WASHINGTON

(4/94) PACIFIC NORTHWEST BEAR SEEKS PARTNER who is masculine, honest, caring, self-sufficient, and younger but mature. I'm 57, 6'-1", 210#, bearded, hairy, aggressive, affectionate, like to travel, hike, ski, sail, work out. I enjoy friends and home, have diverse interests, and would like to share yours. You be willing to follow at times but be able to lead at others. Must want to work to establish a long-term relationship. Sam, P.O. Box 5132, Everett, WA 98206, or call (206) 292-1096.

WISCONSIN

(4/94) NEW FRIENDS--POSSIBLE RELATIONSHIPS: GWM couple, 24 and 71, not into the bar scene, drink/drug free, nonsmokers, fit, seeking new friends, 35+ with the possibility of a 3-way relationship. Let's meet. Answer all, but photos get first response. Write: M.W. and Tony Andresen, 1719 LaFond Avenue, La Crosse, WI 54603.

INTERNATIONAL

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(4/94) SWITZERLAND: GWM, attractive 39-year-old top and chaser. Six feet, 182#, 7-1/2", Greek active and French passive, looking for Big Bottom Bears, any age, size, race. No S & M. Exchange correspondence and possible visits. Interests: sex, videos, opera, music, theater and movies. Write to: Pierre Gagneux, P.O. Box 28, 1822 Chernex/Montreux, SWITZERLAND.

(2/94) AUSTRIA: Austrian, 62, 6'-3", 220#, seeks mature, active friends, any race. Will host visitors at my place. Visiting the States end of the year. Write: Bergwelt, Postlagernd, A-4605 Wels, AUSTRIA.

(2/94) AUSTRALIA: 63 yo, 5'-9", 209#, gentle, loving, considerate nature, passive Greek/active French, qualified masseur. Interests: travel, outdoors. Seeks sexually active young guy who needs love and affection and who can afford a trip to Australia to stay with me. Write: George Baker, P.O. Box 410, Cannington, 6107 Western Australia, AUSTRALIA.

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TAX PREPARATION

(2/94) GEORGE MILLS TAX SERVICE, P.O. Box 282, Fulton, CA 95439. All CR readers receive a 15% discount off income tax preparation fee.

FILLER FACTS

Did you know that, according to a study conducted in Sweden, men aged 50 and older who have no close friends or relatives are three times as likely to die after suffering high levels of emotional stress as those whose lives are less lonely? (Source: *Time* Magazine)

A True Love Story

UNTIL DEATH DO US PART
by SERGEANT JOE

When I saw the doctor walking toward me from the emergency room, the watch I'd bought Max in her hand, I knew that this was the end of thirteen years of happiness.

"Are you Sarge?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I'm sorry," she told me.

Before I could sit down, my legs buckled and I was half-sitting and half-lying on the floor. Someone tried to lift me, but I have only one arm, and it wasn't easy. Another put smelling salts under my nose and rubbed my neck. I heard someone say, "He went peacefully without any pain."

I felt as if I wanted the earth to open up so I could fall inside. I felt chest pain and hoped that I wasn't having another heart attack.

In my lifetime, I'd known a lot of pain. I was with General Patton in Germany in 1945, where I took a bullet through my thigh; I was bayoneted on the left arm, had my right arm blown off at the shoulder and took thirteen chunks of shrapnel in my back and right leg. I was even hit in the testicles. Yet none of this compared to the pain that I suffered when they told me my dear Max was dead. It didn't seem possible that I'd lose someone I'd loved for the past thirteen years.

Born in Florida, Max had a southern drawl. He always called me "Sarge" because I'd been in the Army and he'd been in the Navy. We were different in a lot of ways. I was from New England and had gone to college; he'd been a farm boy.

Max was sixty-eight when he died, five years younger than I was. He was round-faced, with twinkling eyes, no teeth, glasses, a bald head and a pot belly. Because I was older, he would always say: "You're the boss." He said that I should take good care of him, and I did. I even got into a couple of fights for him. Even with just one arm, I was the fighter, and he wasn't.

There were differences in background, but there were similarities too. We both had been divorced for about twenty years at the time we met. We never did live together because we both had families nearby. Not one of them suspected we were lovers. Max lived in his house about five miles from where I lived. But we were always together, and people often mistook us for brothers. When anyone asked if we were, Max got a big kick out of saying, "Yes, we're brothers. As matter of fact, we're the Lee twins. He's home-ly, and I'm ug-ly." No matter how many times he said this, it got a laugh, and Max always joined in.

I'll never forget how we met. I used to get lonely living by myself, so one Saturday I went to a lake here in Florida to go swimming. Since I wore swimming trunks, my having only one arm was very noticeable, which didn't bother me at all. I was sitting at a picnic table under a tree when Max came over and sat opposite me. "Hello," he said. "Hot today, isn't it?"

"Yes, but I'll be going into the water, and it won't be so bad." I kept looking at him, hoping he'd say something else.

He looked at my stump. "Looks like you must've been in the war and got shot up."

I nodded.

"I was in the Navy and never got a scratch," he said.

"I guess I didn't duck when I should have," I grinned as he did. "So you see the results."

We talked for a long time, then he stood up, stretched, and moved to my side, straddling the bench. That's when I noticed that he had on a pair of tight trunks. I saw that part of his balls and the head of his dick were slightly noticeable. I shifted into a straddling position and watched his gaze shift to my crotch.

He looked at me and laughed. "You sure must have big balls."

"Yeah," I answered. "Well, yours aren't bad either."

As he kept looking at my crotch, I started to get a twitch in my dick and felt it starting to get hard.

"Would you like a cold beer?" he asked. "I live just a little ways from here, and it will be nice and cool in the house."

He opened the door of the small, neat mobile home. "I'll get those beers. Have a seat."

"I don't drink beer, but I'll have a soda or a cold drink of water." I sat on a couch and watched him open the refrigerator door. There was something different about him from any other man I'd ever met. I kept saying to myself, *please let this be the one*.

Handing me a soda, he sat next to me on the couch. "Why don't you get comfortable? Take off your trunks if you like," he said as he took his off.

I just stared down at his partially hard dick. About six inches long, it was semi-cut and beautiful. I stepped out of my trunks.

"Nice," he said, "and wow, what a pair of balls."

I asked if he was married, and that's when we both discovered we'd been divorced at about the same time. By this time we each had half a hard-on.

He smiled with his toothless grin. "Do you like to play around?" he asked.

"I thought you'd never ask."

The next two hours were like being in heaven. We hugged and kissed like we'd known each other for years. Finally, I said I had to go home because I had a German shepherd I fed every day at the same time. My son had sent me the dog when he was in Germany with the Army. She was my pride and joy until she died.

He didn't want to let me go. "Will you come back?" he asked.

I assured him that I would. That started what was thirteen of the happiest years of my life. We traveled everywhere together. Max would call me every morning at nine sharp. If for some reason I didn't answer the phone, he would drive over to see if I was all right.

Once I was very sick but didn't let him know. About 3 a.m., I got into the car and drove to the emergency room at the Veterans' Hospital. I was so sick that for years I couldn't even remember driving there. Just as I got to the door, a security guard saw me staggering and asked if I'd had one too many.

"I don't feel good," I told him and fell to the ground. Doctors and nurses came running out, picked me up and took me inside where they worked on me. A few minutes later I was in the intensive care unit because of a heart attack.

I didn't want to wake Max so early, so I asked a nurse to call him about ten to let him know what had happened. I knew he'd be worried when I didn't answer the phone.

When she called, he had the presence of mind to say I was his half-brother and that he was coming to see me right away.

An hour later I saw Max open the door. I knew that he'd been crying. His eyes were very red when he came over to the bed.

"Don't scold me for what I've done," I said.

He bent over and kissed me on the cheek. "I won't," he said. He hugged me. "Don't you leave me. You have to get better so you can take care of me."

The nurse let him stay for two hours. The only reason he had to leave then was because he made me laugh so hard that it shook up my cardiac monitors. Part of the reason we were laughing was because of the self-winding watch I'd given him--the one he was wearing when he died. I once told him that a Southerner can't wear a self-winding watch because they don't move around enough to keep it wound up. Years later, while we were in Cancun, Mexico, he was lying in bed and playing with his cock. I looked up and asked what he was doing. He replied that he was winding up his wrist watch.

I spent about two weeks in the hospital, and Max came to see me two or three times a day, always trying to make me laugh. One day I was sitting up in bed when he came. I didn't have a shirt on and was still hooked up to the heart monitors. The stump of my arm, about two inches long and four inches in diameter, was sticking out. Max took hold of the stump. "Just imagine," he said, "if your dick was that fat." I laughed so hard that the monitors jumped all over the place. A nurse came in to see what was happening and told him he had to leave.

When I got out of the hospital, Max took care of me. My family was glad that I had someone there so I wouldn't have to go into a nursing home. Neither they nor his family suspected we were gay because Max was an ordained minister. He often conducted veterans' funerals and marriages, not charging those who couldn't afford to pay.

After I got better, I noticed that Max was slowing up, and his complaints increased more and more each week. I insisted that he go for a checkup. The result showed nothing more than a cold and lung congestion. Yet things got progressively worse as the months went by.

We went from doctor to doctor and hospital to hospital since his weight was dropping fast. They could find nothing. Then one day I took Max to a hospital because of chest pains. On Thanksgiving Day, while we were eating, the doctor came in. "You have cancer," he abruptly said and walked out.

This stunned both of us; we certainly didn't have anything to be thankful for that day. We looked at one another and cried.

During the next weeks Max had radiation treatments that made him very ill. I think I suffered more than he in seeing what the treatments were doing. He had tumors throughout his body, and along with a bad heart, there was no hope for recovery. A religious person, Max had faith that he would live at least five more years. I believed him and hoped it was true.

I was doing all his cooking and cleaning and taking as best care of him as I could. He kept telling me how good I was to him and how much he loved me. That sad Thursday afternoon, four months later, he was sitting on the couch and asked if I'd give him a bath. He said he felt dirty and sticky.

I got him into the bathroom, but he couldn't lift his legs to get into the tub. I helped him with a sponge bath.

"You'd better eat," I told him, "because your butt is getting skinny, and I won't have anything to hold."

He laughed. "No matter what happens, there will always be something there to hold."

I was devastated to see what the cancer was doing to him.

After the bath, we put new pajamas on him, and he sat down on the couch by the window. I started to make chicken and dumplings and tapioca pudding, which he liked.

He looked over at me. "Come here and feel my

heartbeat," he said.

His chest felt like his heart was about to burst out. I quickly checked his pulse, which registered 154. "You're going to the hospital," I said, rushing to the phone.

I dialed 911 and the ambulance came in about three minutes.

While Max was still sitting on the couch, he looked at me with his smiling eyes and grin. "Do you still love me?" he asked.

"I'll think it over," I said, lamely trying to settle us both down with levity.

Minutes later the paramedics arrived and checked him out. He insisted upon walking to the ambulance, so they allowed him to try to stand. After one step, he began to collapse, so they laid him on the stretcher and rushed him to the ambulance.

Before they closed the doors, I heard one of the paramedics say something about cardiac arrest. They converged over him, performing CPR, installing a breathing tube, forcing oxygen into his lungs. Just before the doors closed, I heard a young man say, "I got a pulse!"

As I rushed to my car, I remembered how he'd always said that if he had cardiac arrest, he didn't want to be revived.

I tried to follow the ambulance to the hospital but lost them in traffic. When I got to the emergency room, hospital personnel wouldn't let me see Max. A nurse said I'd be in the way.

I stayed in the emergency waiting room for what seemed like hours, but it was only twenty minutes.

When they wouldn't let me in to see him, I kept mumbling to myself, "Why didn't I tell him I still love him when he asked?"

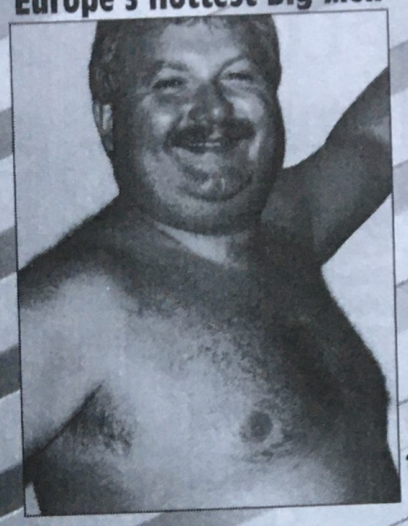
I still hear his words over and over, asking if I love him, and I'll probably hear them as long as I live.

Max's body was cremated as he directed, and the ashes were placed in a marble urn that was buried in the Veterans National Cemetery. Before burial, I took a little bit of his ashes and placed them on a wallet-size card along with his picture and the obituary. I had the card laminated. I carry it in my wallet so that Max is with me every place I go.

I visit the cemetery a few times a week, put some flowers on his grave and say over and over: "Yes, Max, I still love you and always will."

SERGEANT JOE wants to remain anonymous and continues to support us by buying CR in the book stores. He just felt that his story would somehow bring peace to others.

Europe's Hottest Big Men



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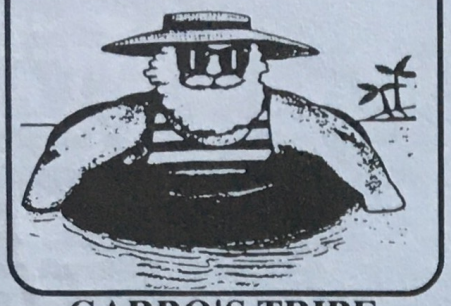

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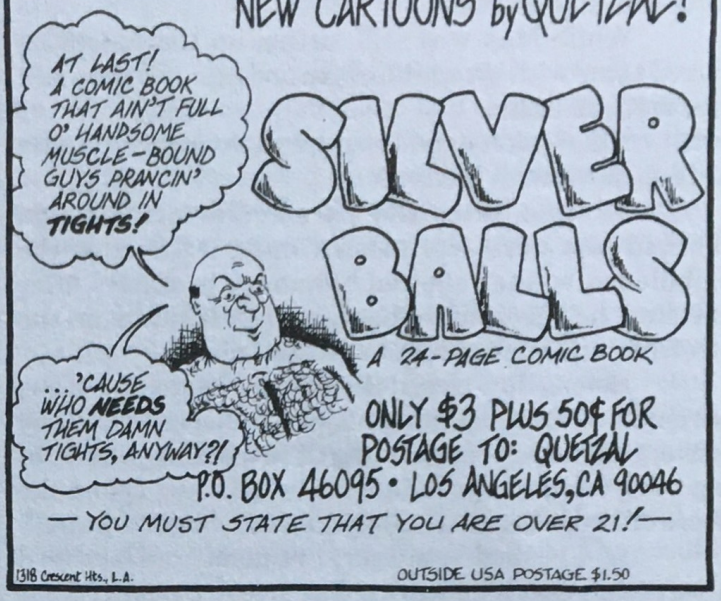
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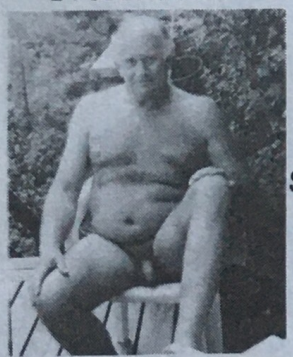

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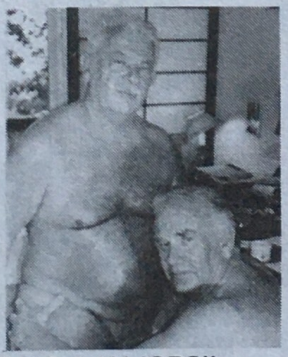

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COACH BIGGS
by QUELLAV
HEY, BIGGS! Y' DOIN' ANYTHING THIS SATURDAY, BESIDES BEATIN' YER MEAT?!?
JUST SOME YARD WORK IS ALL, LONGMAN!
OATS
11-23
WHY DONCHA COME 'N' VISIT THE NEW HEALTH CLUB IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD? I CAN GET YA A FREE PASS!
GEE, DICK! THAT'D BE GREAT!
SO...
THIS PLACE IS REALLY STATE OF TH' ART, DELBERT. THEY GOT EVERY MODEL STEP-MASTER® & ALIVE-CYCLE® YOU EVER SEEN!
GOSH! GYMS TODAY ARE IN-CREDIBLE!
THEY SAY A LOT O' FRUITS HANG OUT HERE, BUT DON'T PAY 'EM NO MIND!
GO ON IN, GUYS!
NO PROBLEM THERE, DICK! HAW, HAW!
RENEW NOW
MUSCLE MANIA
THEY GOT ME ON A CUSTOMIZED PROGRAM, SEE? SO YOU GO CHECK OUT WHATEVER APPEALS T' YOU WHILE I DO MY THING. MEETCHA IN AN HOUR, OKAY?
OKAY! I'LL GO EXPLORING!
LATER...
HMMM...
SAUNA
MORNING.
HE... HEL-LO!
Y'COME HERE OFTEN?
WHO, ME? UH, NO, I'M, UH, JUST COMING--I MEAN, I'M OFTEN! NO! I'M VISITING! HEH.
THROB!
AND...
...SO, WHAT'D YOU THINK OF THE SAUNA?!
DEFINITELY TOO HOT FOR HUMAN HEALTH, DICK! IT LEFT ME LIMP AS A RAG!
©QUELLAV 1993

THE BIG FOUR-O
by ROY ELMO

Roy celebrated his fortieth birthday alone on August first. Nobody called because everyone in his group was away on a trip. He got cards from London, Paris, Tel Aviv, Bangkok, and Venice—all wishing they could be home for the great fortieth. He read them with mirthless humor.

After work that hot afternoon, he walked up Commerce to the Zoo bar, not expecting to do anything but have a beer and drink to the future, if there was to be any. That kind of mood. He felt he was really over the hill now but didn't feel older. On an impulse, after the third beer, he went back to the men's room and glanced into the mirror. No change there except a few gray hairs at the temple. Making a mental note about checking with his barber about the cost of dye jobs, Roy returned to his stool.

A new customer had taken the next seat, and Myrt put a highball in front of him. Roy nodded, smiled, motioned to Myrt to bring him just one more. In the bar milieu, Roy was a true chameleon. Even cruising the park, he was never a camp or flaming fag. This was one explanation for an excellent pick-up and make-out record: neither gay nor straights found him offensive. And he never cruised public toilets—well, almost never. If nature called, his eyes kept front and center.

Myrt, a good-natured, bar-wise waitress, saw the new customer glancing at Roy, so she prepared to introduce them.

"Roy, honey..."

"Myrt, do you know it's my birthday?"

"Well, hooray! You look so damn serious. You'll get used to it. Jack Gordon, say happy birthday to Roy." She swivelled quickly around the curve of the inner ring to attend someone else. Jack and Roy laughed at her abrupt departure then briefly touched hands.

"Dorothy Dix is such a busy lady."

"Makes the tea party go," Jack replied, "...and happy birthday, if it's true."

"Have to quit—it's the big four-o."

"Do a Benny—always thirty-nine." Cheeks showed perfect teeth and good humor—a double turn-on.

"Bad liar, Jack—an aging habit, or habit of age. My grandma always said, 'Tell the truth and...'"

"...shame the devil," Jack finished. They laughed at the way grandmothers talked to little boys.

Roy's beer turned to tears at this simple shared moment of childhood. Jack suddenly seemed perilously intimate. Roy looked him full in the face.

"Listen, I'm either getting tight or getting ready to fall...off this stool. You had supper yet?"

Gordon chuckled—a pleasant sound. "Not yet."

"When is your birthday?"

"November..."

"Then let me celebrate mine by buying an early one for you. We can do it again in November."

"Sounds good. We'll swap granny stories."

Suddenly Myrt was there facing both across the bar. "Roy, it's time you sobered up. Jack seems like a nice fellow, but I don't know him."

"I do," Roy said stoutly. "My grandma would love him like her own."

"Now I know it—four beers and you're swacked. No more until you get something to eat."

Roy suddenly felt she was an officious bitch. It'd be a long time before he came back to the Zuider Zoo Bar. Getting carefully to his feet, he thrust out a lip as thick as Jackie Cooper's, saying "...'n' keep yer lions 'n' tigers 'n' beers!—I mean bears." Everyone was laughing, including Myrt. Roy smiled and bowed deeply right and left. He would have fallen except for the strong Gordon hand at his elbow.

Together they exited to scattered applause and a chorus of "Happy birthday, Roy!" Outside, Roy saw The Copper Cow directly across the street. They waited for a walk-light and went directly into the restaurant.

"Find a table," Jack said, "while I make a pit stop before I lose control."

A waiter led Roy to a table and put down two oversized menus. Jack joined him after a couple of minutes. Roy noted owl-like that Jack's hands were still a bit damp, and his wavy gold blond hair freshly combed. Reality was picking up on sweet minutiae.

"Now for our birthday dinner," Roy said, adding as if it naturally followed, "Where you from, Jack?"

"Atlanta."

"Ah, the land of Aunt Pitty-Pat. Do you live a gay life there?" He wondered if he'd blundered.

"Of course—at least, quietly. And you?"

"Yes. But you're so young. I'm faded."

"All you need is rare beef with horseradish. Coffee will help. You'll bloom, look thirty again, gracing many another birthday dinner. Probably live forever."

"Thank you. From your mouth to God's ear."

"And I'm not that much younger—couple of years."

After a brief, awkward pause, Roy said tentatively, "I don't know a soul in Atlanta. Drove through it once, keeping to the outskirts."

"Do you realize what a nightmare Dallas streets are for strangers?"

"Even some natives." They laughed again.

Their order was taken; food came, was consumed

very slowly, with desultory talk about music, theatre, movies, legends of Tallulah. A laughing, sobering meal.

Finishing a second cup of coffee, Jack said quietly, "Roy, I'd like to give you a long birthday kiss."

Nice—lovely, in fact—but I'd prefer something else. Come home with me."

"I can't."

The statement was so bleak Roy didn't question it. Final, with a touch of pain or sadness in the clear blue eyes. Roy understood there was no night of love ahead, yet he wanted at least the moment proffered.

Smiling a bit crookedly, he said, "I don't understand, Jack, but I need the kiss. It's the only offer I've had this birthday. Do we do it just before I get on the bus? Do I tell the driver to wait a minute because I just turned forty?"

Jack smiled. "Listen, down that corridor are the two restrooms."

"No. I've got this rule about johns."

"That's all right. At the end of the hall is an open closet—for brooms, I think. We could step in there for a moment—out of sight. Not many people still left, and cleaning-up probably starts in the kitchen. You go first, and I'll follow in a minute."

Agreed, action followed plan to clocked perfection. Both went directly to the broom closet which was roomier than anticipated. Their hands kept strictly to faces at first, wandering to buttocks while lips, tongues locked in combat and surrender. Roy never enjoyed a kiss more. They murmured, gasped, pressed their bodies together for several minutes, fingers memorizing muscles under fabric.

"Happy birthday, man."

"Never another like this, please. I wish you could stay in Dallas—come live with me and be my love, turn both our lives around..."

Jack chuckled (it came from so deep inside him) and muttered, "We better straighten up, flatten our flies, and slip the hell out of here."

"If you knew how much I wanted you, you'd..." Roy's voice trailed off as he felt Jack's body go tense. "All right, I'll shut up and go home lonesome."

He was filled with a sense of satisfaction for this curiously romantic happening—something which sex did not always provide. There was life and adventure after the big four-o. Even mysterious strangers. Riding home on the bus, Roy smiled, concluding that all men are mysterious strangers, but ninety-five percent of them you couldn't fuck with.

Their loss, not his.

ROY ELMO writes primarily of the past. Born in 1921, he lives quietly closeted in a small north Texas town near Pat Colley's birthplace. That, not to mention the facts that he's a brilliant writer and a wonderful person, makes him very special to us. This stocky, handsome man--like so many in our family--is much too alone for our satisfaction and needs the revitalizing touch of some gentle, caring soul.

PALO VERDE PAL

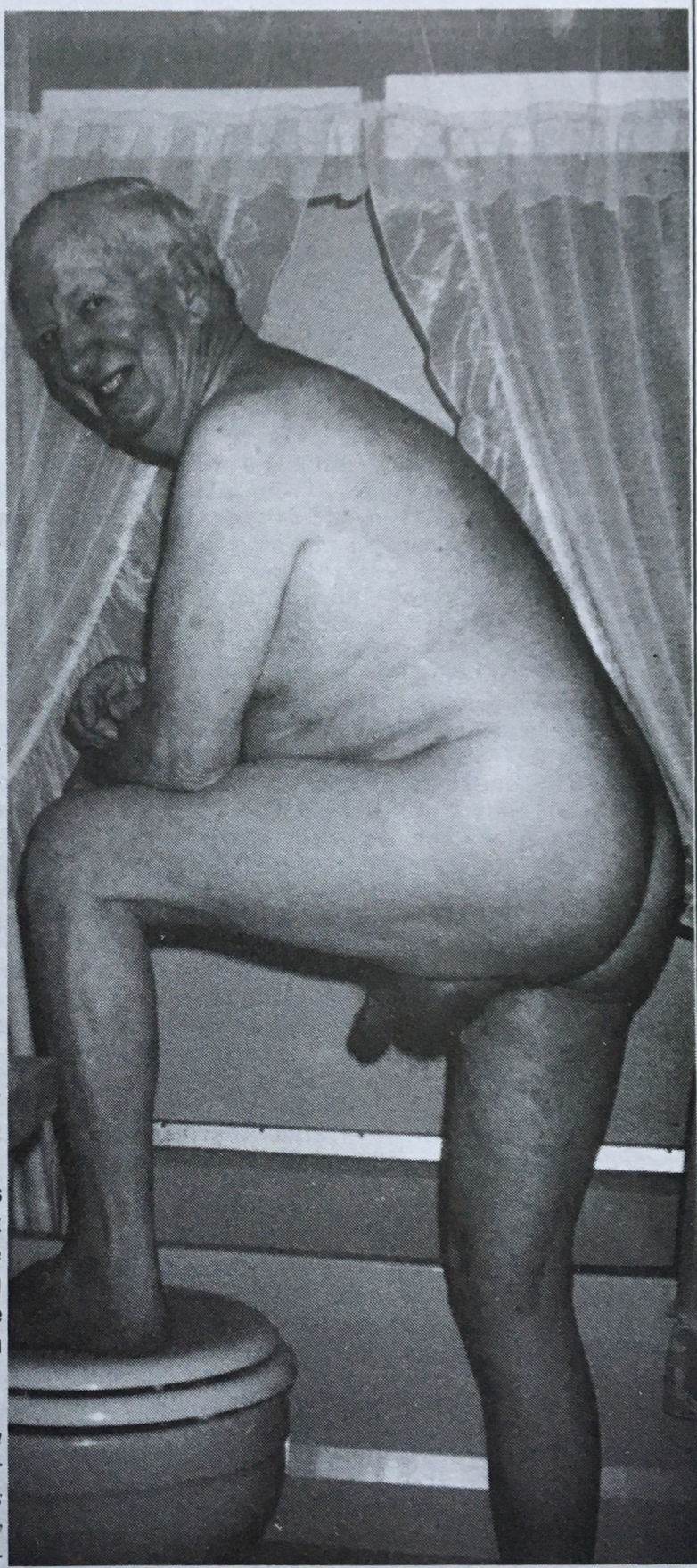


PHOTO BY PALO VERDE PAL II

MUSIC WITH FINNEY & JOHN

SHOPPING FOR CD BARGAINS

Times are tough. The economy is bad. Eating out is costly. Drinks at the "corner bar" are up in price. Theater is out of the question. And the Compact Disc is *damned* expensive!

But, bargains can be found. In most categories of music, one can benefit from a manufacturer's marketing mistakes--after the initial rush of hit sales, overstocks are often sold at significantly reduced prices. These records receive a permanent packaging mark; there is a small hole drilled through a corner or a tiny buzz saw cut through an edge. Cosmetically, the plastic "jewel box" may not look great, but inside is a CD treasure. These are often placed in a special section of your favorite record store, affectionately known as the "Cut Out" bin. If you don't see it, ask where it is.

The classical world in particular offers many significant releases from recently liberated or democratized countries. While some of these orchestras, conductors and soloists may not be familiar to us, the recording quality is usually good-to-excellent, and performances often fall in the same category. These are often fine recordings and a real buy for the buck.

Go into the stores with knowledge behind you, as most of the younger staff of the larger record chains just don't know a digital recording from an Edison cylinder. Some general words of advice. Buyer beware of garbage that is definitely to be found in the cut-out bins. Some manufacturers now offer "special market" products just for budget sales. Beware of tell-tale signs of a rip-off: 12 two-minute songs on a CD that can hold nearly 80 minutes is generally a rip-off in our book. In most instances, the record company has sold this stuff time and time again at huge profits. Sure, some of the hits may be there, but most times you get a very lackluster package that does the artist little justice. Also beware of packages that say, "contains new performances by the original artists or members of the original groups." You will mostly be disappointed--you are not getting the hits you remember but often a half-baked re-recording made by band members years later. Anyhow, here are some of our recent finds:

FRANK SINATRA - "IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SWING" (Reprise 1012-2). Warner/Reprise Records reissued many of Frank's 60s work in the same length/configuration as the original LPs. Although they are clearly outshined by Capitol's *stellar* re-releases of Frank's 50s output--which fill the CDs with full sessions or sometimes two-albums-for-the-price-of-one--you can now find some of these 60s gems in the CD cut-out bins. They sound great, are stereo, and the performances are solid, but they are just really short by CD standards (like the original LPs, under 30 minutes per disc). But, hey, for $3.99, you can have one of two superb albums he recorded with Count Basie for this label. Also commonly available is "The Concert Sinatra" and "That's Life." Ol' Blue Eyes on a budget!

"THE DIVA COLLECTION: THE HOLLYWOOD LADIES SING!" (Deja Vu 5118-2). Austria's Deja Vu Records embodies another ethic (or frankly, lack of one) commonly found in the cut-out bins. They specialize in "historic" recordings which generally implies relatively low fidelity recordings often culled from old radio broadcasts and out-of-copyright movie sound tracks. This can be a treasure trove for the collector, offering unusual performances one normally would not get to hear. The Diva Collection is a find, a gem in the rough, a hoot! It compiles warblings from the likes of Ava Gardner, Betty Grable, Delores Del Rio, Marilyn Monroe, Gloria Swanson, Rita Hayworth, and on and on. The sound is not very good, since most of these recordings are probably pulled from old sound tracks. But, for about $5, it's worth it just to have Carmen Miranda cooing "Chica Chica Bum Chic" out of your speakers over cocktails. Deja Vu CDs are carried in most every music outlet and are distinguished by spiffy black/gold or gold/black cover art, sometimes featuring a specific artist, other times as unusual collections like this.

"ELLA & LOUIS" (Laserlight Digital 15 706). Los Angeles' Laserlight Digital is one of the better made-for-the-bargain-bin labels, offering legitimate new and old recordings of a surprisingly wide range of artists and styles. This great sounding CD must be a case of copyrights running out. Ella and Louis made records together for MGM's Verve label in the 50s. But for $5 you get these two stars backed by a stellar trio of Oscar Peterson (piano), Ray Brown (bass) and Louie Bellson or Buddy Rich (drums). Featuring songs by Gershwin ("Love is Here to Stay"), Carmichael ("The Nearness of You"), and Kern ("A Fine Romance"), you can't really go wrong with this one.

"LES PAUL TRIO" (Laserlight Digital 15 741). Wow! Here is a vintage 1947 radio transcription of The Les Paul Trio (broadcast performances were often preserved on a long playing disc before magnetic recording tape existed). Laserlight has spruced this release up for the digital domain with more tracks than the earlier vinyl LP release issued by another independent label in the 70s. This is a great find for guitar fans, capturing Les years before he scaled the top of the pop charts with the great Mary Ford. It's a fun set and you get to hear an embryonic Les sizzling on tracks like "Honeysuckle Rose," "Stardust," "Embraceable You" and "Coquette."

Be forewarned: Laserlight's other common budget CD of Les Paul and Mary Ford ("The World is Waiting for the Sunrise," Laserlight Digital 15 436) is kind of cheesy, capturing a "live" performance from the 50s. Les and Mary performed to prerecorded tapes (after all, that was their sound). There is also a common Canadian import to avoid ("All Time Greatest Hits," Capitol Special Markets, CDL-57262) since it only has 12 songs and does not include one of their signature tunes, "How High The Moon"! You can't put out a Les Paul record called "All Time Greatest Hits" without what must be one of their top two biggest selling records ever! Remember, beware of misleading packaging. Capitol has a good compilation disc that came out a couple of years ago that should be available for about $10 in most outlets by now (or if you have the bucks, go for the 4-CD box set. It is amazing!).

VINTAGE MUSIC SERIES - Such a deal! As the CD explosion occurred a few years back, virtually every label churned out these "best of an era" type collections. Reissue labels like Rhino set the absolute quality standard, now being followed by companies like Capitol and EMI. MCA has also done a superb job with its reissues. Their multi-volume "Vintage Music Series" was issued as a series of single volume discs, then as a series of "two-fers." I picked up five of the two-fers for $4 each! Each contains about 20 great songs, many long out-of-print singles, plus some more popular tracks that the label owns. For about $20, I added this instant jukebox to my CD collection, including "Sweet Pea" by Tommy Roe, "Hello Dolly" by Louis Armstrong, "Hey There Lonely Girl" by Eddie Holman (talk about one-hit wonders), "Black Slacks" by the Sparkletones and other great hits by Buddy Holly, Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, Bill Haley & The Comets, Brenda Lee, Patsy Cline, The Strawberry Alarm Clock, The Irish Rovers and so on. If you look at it as a bunch of singles stored on a CD, it's kind of fun and great for parties or making your own custom tapes. The sound is uniformly superb.

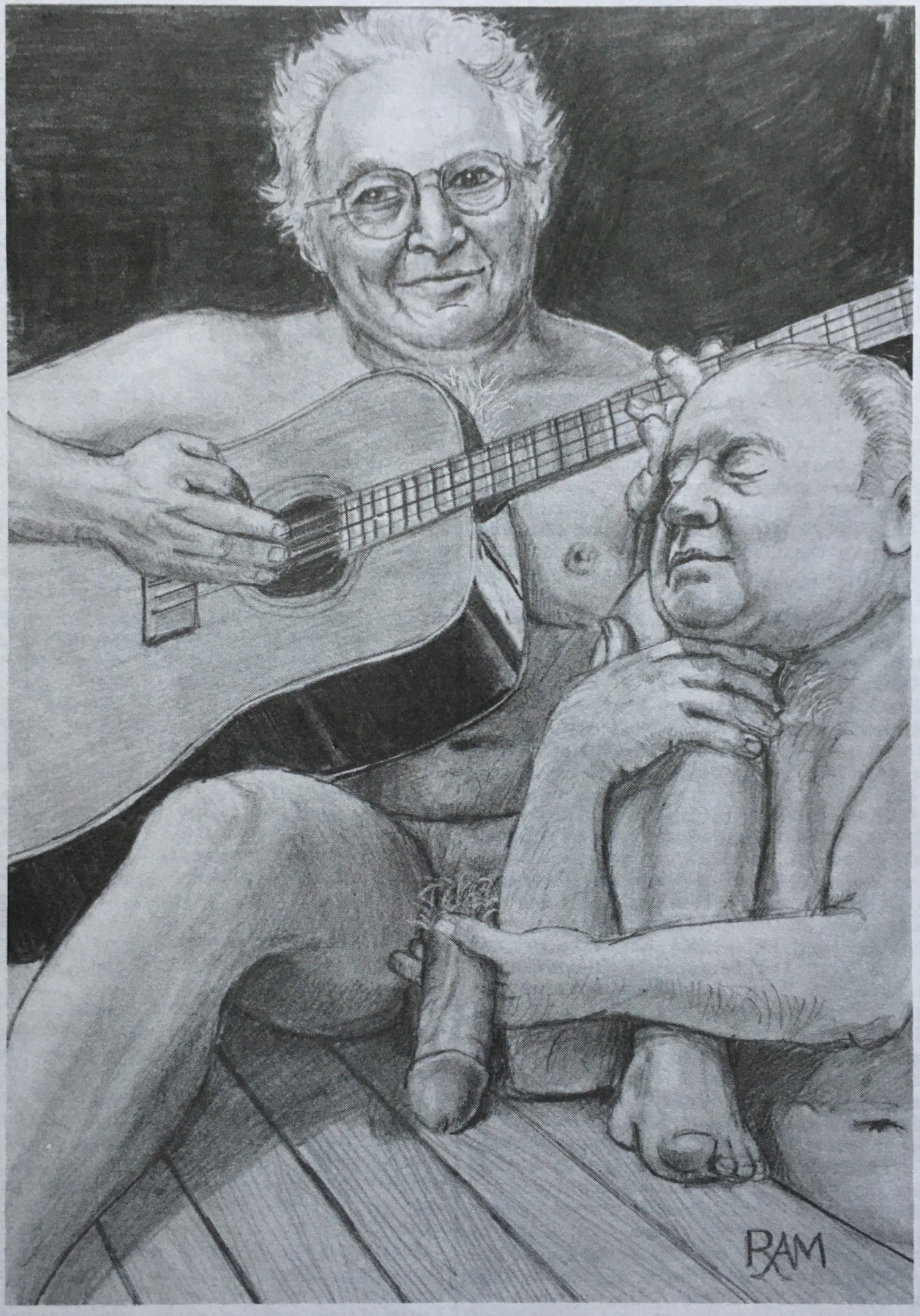
ROGER McGUINN - "Back From Rio" was a big deal a couple of years ago, heralding the comeback of founding-leader of California's great folk-rock band, The Byrds ("Mr. Tambourine Man," "Turn Turn Turn," "Eight Miles High"). How soon they forget! Rio features a superstar cast including most of Tom Petty's Heartbreakers, Elvis Costello, David Crosby, Chris Hillman, Timothy B. Schmidt and Michael Penn. Yeah, a couple of tunes have dumb lyrics like "Car Phone," but if you enjoyed McGuinn"s classic 12-string guitar sound, it's a great deal for cut out prices, if only for the Costello-penned track, "You Bowed Down" or Roger's excellent cover of Jules Shear's "If We Never Meet Again."

STRAVINSKY: THE FIREBIRD (SUITE, 1919) AND PETRUSHKA (COMPLETE BALLET, 1911 - London Weekend Classics 421 635. This vintage recording by the legendary Pierre Monteux conducting the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra is a jewel for about $5. Monteux was especially fond of the music of Stravinsky, and it was featured in many of his performances. These recordings were probably made about 40 years ago in the 1950s; nonetheless, the stereo sound is quite good.

Some words about Stravinsky are in order. One can say the works of Stravinsky are made of "diamonds and fire." In spite of what many people think, Stravinsky was not a revolutionary, but a liberator. He retained the basic tools of music and yet applied them in a totally different manner. He developed complicated rhythms, dissonance, the simultaneous use of one or more musical keys and severe melodies. His influence on composers might be equated to the influence of The Beatles on the pop music of today. He lived for a full 89 years.

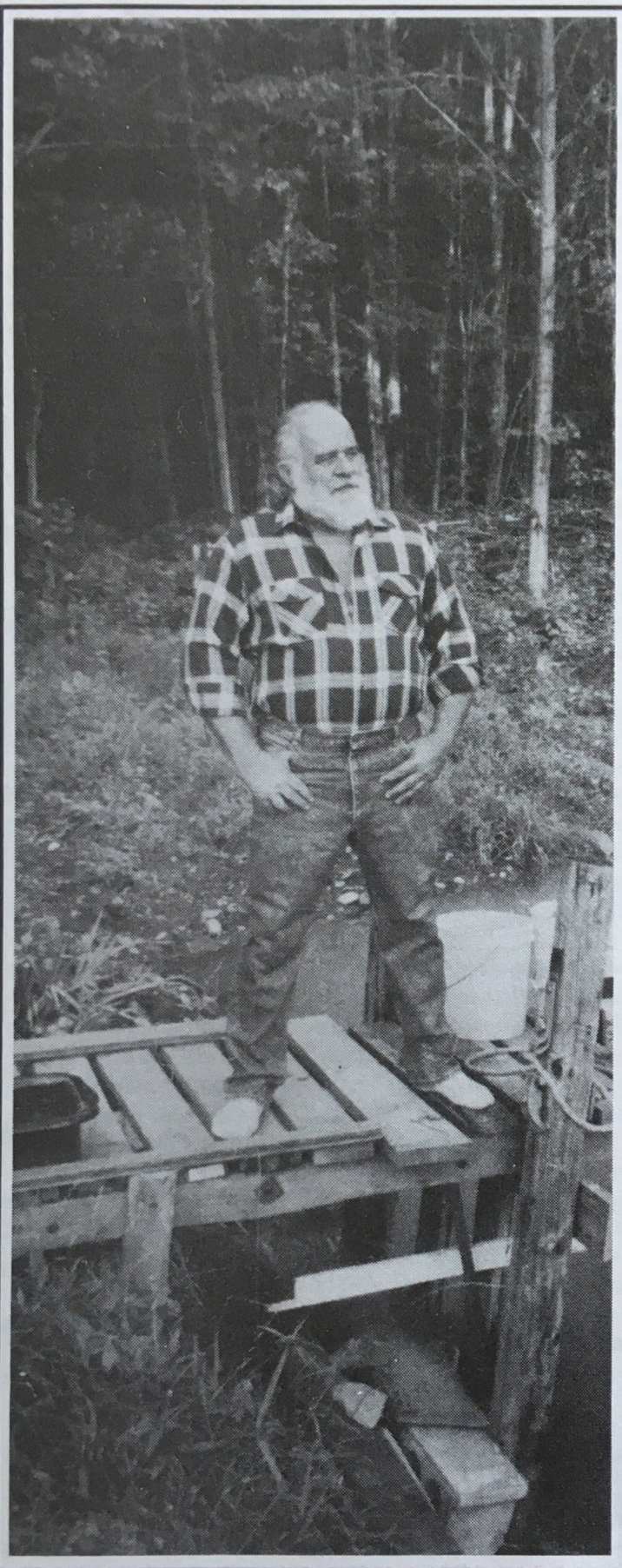
Finney Edwards once bought a CD of an unknown rock group simply because it had a wonderful bare-chested, hairy older hunk on the cover. His older nine-year partner, John, simply shook his head in disbelief. Finney is a communications professional and amateur musician/songwriter who also writes music reviews under another name in other nationally distributed music publications. John is a semi-retired insurance executive, highly trained classical musician, 20-year communications pro and general man of many talents. Together, they live in the San Francisco Bay Area with many many records and their Tabby cat, Maggie, who's orange hair keeps Finney vacuuming regularly.

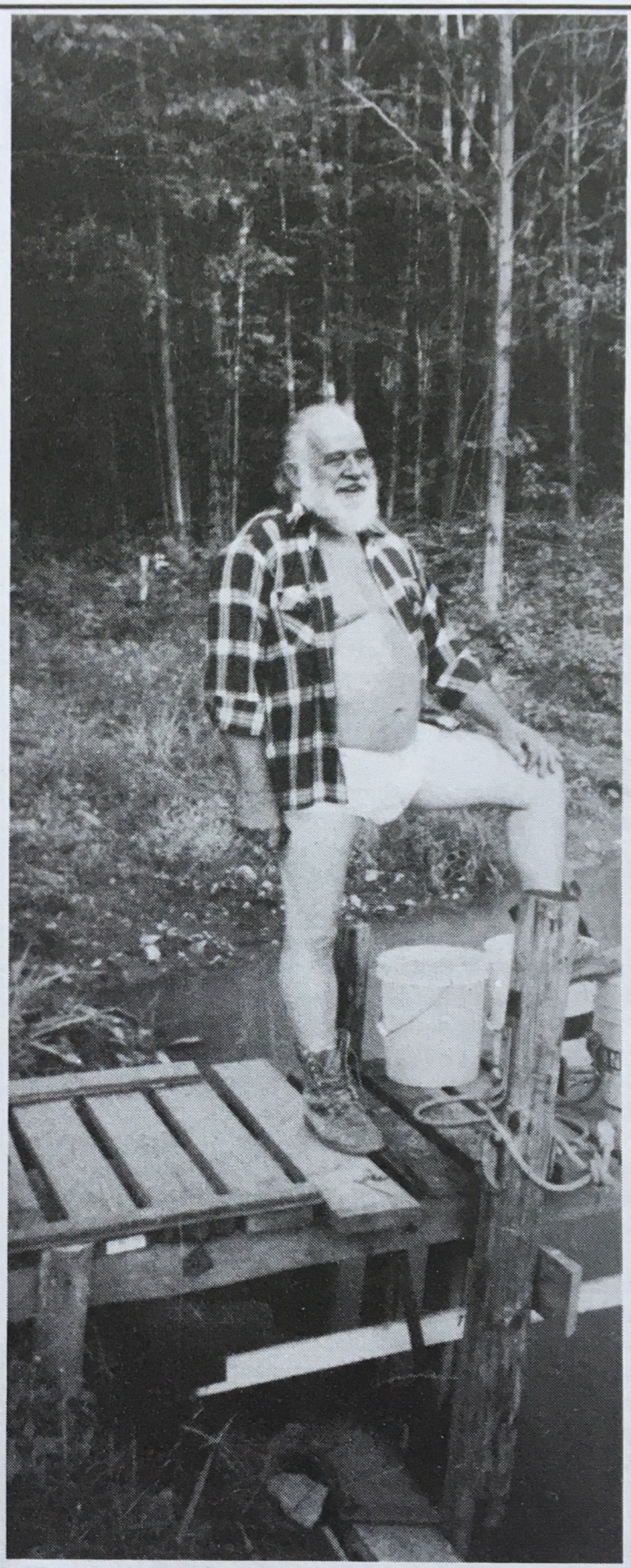
THE ARTWORK OF RAM



"FRED AND BILL PLAYED AN ADAGIO FOR GUITAR AND FLUTE ON THE PICNIC TABLE"

THE HERMIT





PHOTOS BY DUKE

A Chance Encounter
by D. W. Breckenridge

They were strangers. Chicago-bound on the mid-day Empire Builder which now sat idly on a side spur in the middle of Wisconsin. Waiting. But for what, no one seemed to know.

"Care for a cigar?" Norm offered, then bit off the end of the dark brown Havana.

"No thank you. I don't smoke," he said and watched intently as Norm coated the cigar with saliva.

"But this is the smoking car, so you won't mind if I indulge myself, will you?" he asked, then struck a match without waiting for a reply. Inhaling the sweet, aromatic smoke, Norm leaned back contentedly.

Norm scrutinized this stranger who had wandered into the nearly deserted smoking car and now sat directly across from him. Sixtyish; thinning gray hair; razor-burned cheeks, already sprouting with bristles; slightly rumpled, off-the-rack navy-blue suit; white shirt with a frayed collar; waistline cascading over his belt; narrow band of hairy skin between the drooping tops of his dark socks and the bottom of his trousers; and sturdy, wing-tipped shoes. Clearly a man immune to the ever-changing whims of fashion. "Business trip?" Norm asked and removed a shard of tobacco from the tip of his tongue.

"Windom Envelope Company. You?" he replied in the same telegraphic speech.

"Bass Lake Printing. Mostly trade journals."

The train lurched forward, and the stranger peered out the window as if he expected to discover some reason for the delay. Seeing none, he stretched lazily and yawned.

Nice teeth. All balls and no cock, Norm concluded triumphantly. Puffing smugly on his cigar, he shifted his superior claim to manhood as it was uncomfortably pinched between his thighs.

"Hot and stuffy in here," the stranger said sleepily. He removed his suit coat and tie, and unbuttoned the top three buttons of his shirt before nestling back into his seat.

It was then Norm became mesmerized by the one symbol of ultimate masculinity he ruefully lacked. From the open neck of the stranger's shirt billowed a silky dark tangle of hair so dense it nearly concealed the pale white skin upon which it grew. Entranced by this unconcealed masculine display, Norm felt a disturbing surge of lust pulse through his groin, and his unfettered cock began to swell.

Catching the stranger's eyes riveted on his shameful display, Norm shifted contritely in his seat, placed his hand over his humiliating insurrection, and stared out the window, cursing his inability to control himself.

"Care to join me for a drink?" the stranger asked after Norm's indiscretion deflated.

"Don't drink. Destroys the liver. Cigar's my vice."

"Don't smoke. Destroys the lungs. Guess we're even. Name's John Covington." He smiled broadly and extended his hand.

It was his warm smile that broke their impasse; and after John admitted he'd been dying for a cigar and Norm confessed he'd give his left arm for a bourbon straight up, they sauntered to the bar car where they exchanged life histories, discovered mutual acquaintances from Bass Lake County, complained about their wives, children and jobs, swapped smutty stories, shared highly exaggerated exploits with hookers on previous business trips, and became more than just a little inebriated before arriving at Union Station.

Reeking of stale cigar smoke and bourbon, they weaved their way back through the nearly deserted cars, retrieved their luggage, and debarked from the train. Standing on the underground platform in the sobering night air, Norm unwrapped another cigar. Thinking better of it, he put it back in his coat pocket. "Where are you staying?" he asked almost shyly. His usual bluster and confidence had suddenly melted away. He was adrift on an eerie, uncharted sea of new turbulent emotions.

"Embassy. On LaSalle," John said and fidgeted with an envelope containing his tickets and hotel reservations. He felt restless, almost irritable, and unnerved by this man who now shifted uneasily from one foot to the other and whose eyes avoided contact with him.

"Carleton. On Michigan..." Norm's voice trailed away.

They did not move. Nothing in their previous experience had prepared them for the emotions which had swept them to the edge of the crevasse over and from which they could not leap nor retreat.

"Suppose I should call my wife tonight. Let her know I got here. See how she is," Norm said dully.

"Yes, I suppose so. Harriet doesn't like to be alone at night. Worries about me. Am I safe? Am I eating right?"

"Same with Marrianne."

They did not move.

The blood hammered so wildly in Norm's head he thought it would burst. "Maybe we could share a room. Cut costs, you know," he said in a tense, almost pleading voice. He had stepped off the ledge. "Save a few bucks, you know..." He couldn't continue.

"I don't know," John mumbled. His voice was

dull and distant. He would not follow. He couldn't.

Norm watched the retreating figure. Sweat poured into his arm pits, and his tongue was coated with a thick, noxious saliva. *Why couldn't you say it, damn it? Why? Say it straight out. But say what? I'm not one of those! I couldn't be! I'm sixty. Married. Children. Grandchildren. Never once touched another man. Not that way. Never before even desired to touch another man. That way. Until now.* "Wait up!" he cried. "Let's share a cab."

Possessed by the wild hammering thoughts and images in his head, Norm clumsily placed his hand on John's knee as the cab pulled in front of the Embassy Hotel. The die was cast. He could not retreat. "Maybe we could meet for lunch tomorrow," he said in desperation. He caught the mocking eyes and sinister smirk of the hack staring at him in the rear-view mirror.

"I'll be busy," John said and brushed away the intrusive hand which had moved to his thigh. He nervously fumbled in his wallet for his share of the fare, then fled into the lobby of the hotel.

Midnight. From the twentieth floor of the Carleton Hotel, Norm looked down upon a city ablaze with light and movement. Unshowered, his suitcase remaining unpacked, and clad only in a heavy cotton robe provided by the hotel, he poured a fourth bourbon and lit another cigar. He watched miniature figures hail cabs, walk arm-in-arm along the lakefront, pause and embrace below street lamps. Lovers all, it seemed. Unafraid. Intoxicated by the elixir of life.

Forty years with Marrianne, he thought. His marriage was no different from most of his associates in Bass Lake. Love hadn't been necessary. She had tended to his daily needs, raised the children, stood by him when times were rough, acquiesced silently to his intense and sometimes heedless love-making. He had never loved her nor felt the seductive, heart-pounding rapture which now coursed through him. But this new feeling was seductive and abhorrent at the same time, and he feared greatly what he could not understand. "What the hell is wrong with me?" he said aloud. And what would happen to his reputation back in Bass Lake if John ever said anything to a mutual acquaintance about their chance encounter and his clumsy attempt to touch him in the cab?

He needed sex. That would clear his mind of this nightmare, this momentary madness into which he had plummeted. The hard, bizarre kind only an experienced hooker would provide for a price. A little humiliation—yes, that would drive away this madness. He'd heard about that. Seen pictures.

Startled from his frightening reverie by the shrill ringing of the telephone, he hesitated, then picked up the receiver.

"Norm. It's John. I'm in the lobby. I think we need to talk."

"Talk? About what?" Norm said in alarm.

"Can I... Can I come up?" His voice sounded small and terrified.

"Why? What do you want?" Norm said in a fit of near panic. Pausing to collect his wits, he continued. "No... I didn't mean that... Are you still there?"

"I'm making a fool of myself.... I shouldn't have called.... It's too late... I'm sorry... I must have misunderstood..."

"John! Please don't leave. Please. It's not too late. We need...we need to talk...."

John stood in the middle of the room. His mouth seemed filled with cotton, and beads of sweat stood out on his forehead. His hands trembled and his legs felt as if they would buckle at any moment. "I don't understand what's come over me," he uttered at last.

"Neither do I." There would be no turning back. Norm removed John's suit coat.

"I've never done this before. Never dreamed of it."

"Neither have I." He removed the damp necktie.

"I never thought this could happen to me. Not after all those years of marriage..."

"Neither did I." He slipped off John's sweat-soaked shirt and buried his mouth in the thick, dark hair plastered to his chest.

"I don't even get very hard any longer."

"Neither do I," said Norm as he unbuckled the belt and slipped down the trousers.

"I didn't shower before coming. I'm not very clean," he said, unable to control the tremors which now spread over his whole body.

"Neither am I." He slipped off the wrinkled boxer shorts.

"Norm!" he pleaded. "I don't know what to do!"

"Neither do I, John," he whispered and caressed the sweat-drenched body. Smiling broadly, he at long last stepped from his black, hellish nightmare into the bright, cleansing sunshine. He cupped the heavy balls and short, thick cock in both hands. "But I think we'll figure something out."

For four glorious days, they hurried through their schedules of tedious business calls, then sped back to the Carleton to be together, to share their passionate love, to watch the unfolding of two new beings. And in this rebirth, they learned they were not alone.

In a bar, discovered almost by accident on Rush Street, they entered a world of men like themselves. Some younger, others older; some married, others single or divorced; some yet searching, others coupled for years; some rich, others destitute; some happy, others bitterly disillusioned. But all were bound together in a unique brotherhood neither Norm nor John dreamed existed.

Buoyed by their discoveries, and revelling in their new-found love, they dared to dream as they held each other closely at night, willing that time should cease

if only for a moment.

But time was an enemy they could not hold at bay.

The sound of the mid-morning rush-hour filtered into the room. Slipping from John's close embrace, Norm went to the bathroom and stood under an icy-cold spray. It was time to clear his mind. It was time to face reality. It was time to return to Bass Lake County.

Slipping on a bathrobe, he sat on the edge of the bed and twined his fingers through the matted hair on John's chest. "Good morning. We've missed our train. I'd better check on a flight."

Clasping Norm's hand tightly, John said, "What are we going to do? I'm no longer the same man I was five days ago. I can't just return to Windom as if nothing has happened!"

"We have to, John. We have to."

"Why?"

"Because..."

"Because we're sixty-year-old men? With wives, homes, children. Because our successful careers are nearly over? Because for sixty years we've only been half alive? Because in our wildest dreams we never thought we could or would fall in love with another man? Because, to quote you, 'I have never loved anyone as deeply as I love you.' That's why we have to return home and pretend nothing ever happened?"

"There'll be weekends. We can slip away. I have a cabin up north..."

"That's not enough!" John said and cast Norm's hand away. He slipped out of bed and lit a cigarette.

"Then what do you want? Look! We were on a business trip. We had a little fling like most business men do. We've done that before. Not with another man, of course. We got a little carried away. We said some rather silly things to each other. We didn't really mean what we said. You know how it goes."

"You shit! You absolute shit! A fling you call this! I could kill you for that!"

"John!" he pleaded. "Don't make this any harder than it is already. For heaven's sake. We're not two young kids ready to set sails against the wind! We're sixty years old, for Christ sake. Wake up, John! We just had some mad affair neither of us, believe you me, is likely to repeat again!"

"Norm, please! Don't!" he cried and turned from him.

Norm sat on the edge of the bed. He bowed his head. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean that. I'm just trying to make things easier for us." Looking penitently at John, he said, "What do you want me to say?"

"I want to spend the rest of my life with you. Unshared by anyone. Just the two of us. Windom. Bass Lake. Here in Chicago. What does it matter? That's what I want you to say."

Norm looked at him in disbelief.

"I'm sixty, you keep reminding me," John continued. "What do I have left? Thirteen? Fourteen? Maybe fifteen years with a little luck! I can't return to the old life, Norm. I don't want to. I can't and won't go back to all that."

"You have to! You have no choice!"

"I can't now that I finally know who and what I am."

"You're not serious. I'll never forgive myself for this. You don't know what you're saying!"

"What is it you're really afraid of? That Marrianne will take you for every cent you've got? That your children will never talk to you again as long as you live? That people will laugh at you behind your back? Call you an old queer, a pathetic faggot? That you'll lose your job? Those trite, old-fashioned excuses won't work any longer, Norm! I need something better than that!"

He stubbed out his cigarette. "Or are you afraid of my love, Norm?" he continued. "Do you love me? Or was this really just an exotic fling as you so crudely put it? Something to satisfy your prurient curiosity."

Norm walked to the window and stared at the world below him. "Yes, damned you. Yes. I love you," he uttered. His voice was barely audible. "I love you more than life itself." A stream of tears poured down his deeply creased cheeks. "But it costs too much to love you."

Embracing him gently, John wiped away the tears which continued to flow.

"I'm afraid," Norm said.

"So am I." John kissed his knitted forehead and slipped off the robe.

"I'll probably end up a lonely old man."

"So will I." John stroked his chest.

"I'll probably want to go back to my wife in another week."

"So will I." John smiled and kissed his breasts.

"I'll probably end up hating you."

"So will I." John cupped the thick, erect penis.

"John!" he pleaded. "I don't know what to do."

"Neither do I." He smiled broadly. Slowly kneeling in front of him, John licked a drop of pre-cum which oozed from the swollen head. Pausing, he glanced upward. "But I think we'll figure something out."

D.W. BRECKENRIDGE, one of our most popular writers, is 52, retired, and resides in the Twin Cities. He enjoys reading, music, gardening and writing. He would appreciate comments from C-Risers concerning his writing .

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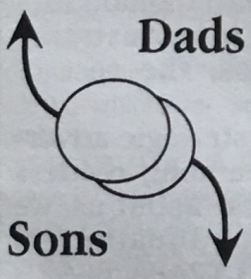

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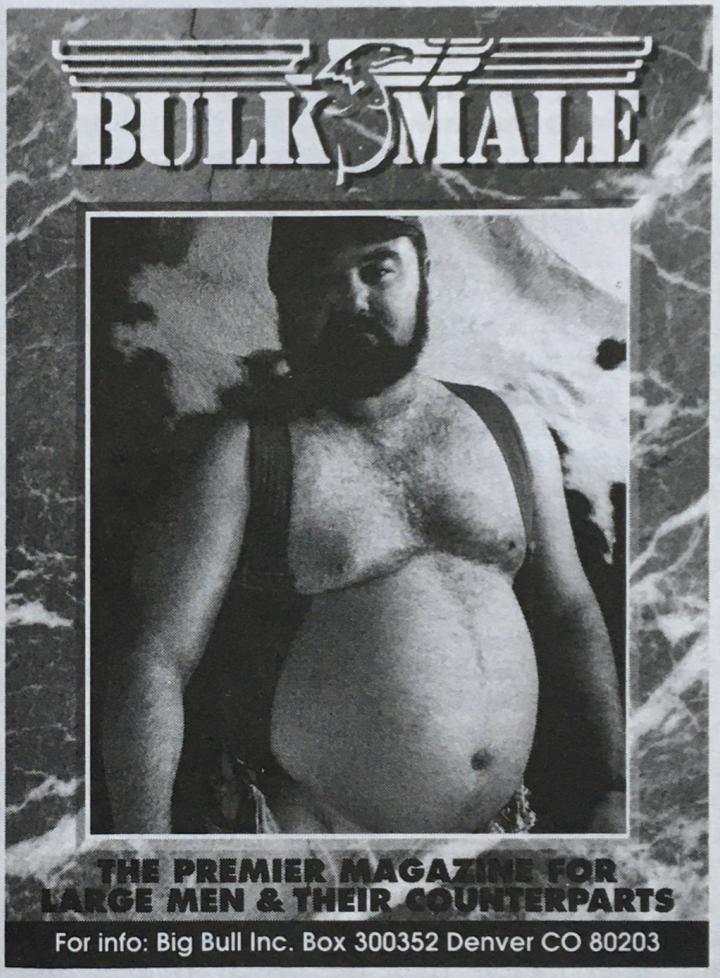

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THE FINAL WORD

There are about 45 publications worldwide which serve gay (and sometimes bisexual) men with "alternative" tastes (mature men, big men, bears, leathermen, etc., and admirers). About 12 (soon to be 14) are true magazines with a circulation of 500 or more. The other 33 are mostly newsletters put out by chapters of various clubs. We exchange complimentary subscriptions with a few of the magazines with the understanding that we will announce each other's functions upon request. We even give complimentary subscriptions to chapters of organizations which announce our functions in their newsletters. Although we've repeatedly requested this arrangement with most of the U.S. ones, only two magazines (out of six asked) and eight club chapters (out of 21 asked) have announced the Las Vegas Gathering. Of those eight club chapters, two got the information wrong and someone else had to give us copies of the announcements. So it's pretty obvious that we "don't get no respect" from our "peers," even though our circulation rivals such publications as *BLK, Lambda Book Report, New York Native* and *On Our Backs* (Source: *The Alyson Almanac*, 1994-95 Edition).

It has been pointed out to us that in spite of our success, we are the outcast of the outcasts. Those gay and lesbian newsmagazines which write about us invariably consider us a bizarre fetish fanzine, yet they profile the other alternative magazines with a bit more respect. Sure, they indulge in tongue-in-cheek derision, but it's not as heavy-handed as the "Jurassic Parts" (see FORUM, #59) slap by *Advocate Classifieds* Magazine. For years, we thought it was all due to a stronger revulsion for older people than the other "freaks," but now we know that's only half true.

Just what is it about *Chiron Rising* that pisses off these queer, politically proper editor-clones? Could it be our condemnation of the practice of "outing?"

Perhaps . . . but even the clones are sort of divided on that one.

Is it because we don't urge our readers to "come out, come out, wherever you are!"?

Warmer.

Is it because we have the audacity to target men throughout the sexual spectrum?

Bingo!

To the heterophobic literary elite, we are committing heresy to invite readership from primarily heterosexual men who have only an occasional passive interest in other men, or ambigenic* men with only limited opportunities for sex with other men. And then there is the equally despised "closet cases." ("Just think what would happen if everyone came out!" they gush. Well, for one thing, unemployment and divorce rates would soar.) It is considered treason to respect a man's decision to keep his sex life a secret from his family and employer. In the eyes of the politically proper gay and lesbian press, you're either gay or straight. Okay, so some accept "bisexuals," provided they go public and are politically acceptable.

So here we are, the outcast of outcasts, growing steadily and gradually finding a very wide audience. We're too "gay" for the conservative media to handle and not gay enough for the liberal and gay/lesbian press. How's that for a conundrum?

We've worked eight hard years to get to where we are today, and we had to claw and counter-punch all along the way. We're blessed with devoted subscribers and contributors who'd give us the shirts off their backs. We have an army of bookstore customers who keep magazine buyers on their toes. We have a distributor who has gotten us into Canada in a big way and will soon get us into Australia, England and, with a little luck, the rest of Europe.

With a good distributor, strategic advertising and enthusiastic dialog among readers and those men who've yet to hear about us, we should see a manageable continuation of growth. Our yearly gatherings (PAPA BEAR's stroke of genius) should enhance the growth pattern if last year in Orlando was any indication.

Just think: What if 1,000 C-Risers show up in Las Vegas? Can respectability be far behind?

Stay warm this winter. Love to you all.

Pat and Bruce

** A term used by the late sexologist, Gavin Arthur. It implies an innate desire to engage in sex with both genders, as ambidextrous means having the faculty of proficiency with both hands.*

CHIRON RISING SPRING GATHERING - LAS VEGAS, NEVADA
JUNE 5 THROUGH JUNE 8, 1994
RESERVATION AND REGISTRATION INFORMATION

THE HOTEL AND RESERVATION INFORMATION

The ALADDIN HOTEL AND CASINO, 3667 Las Vegas Blvd., South - A block or so south of Bally's, Caesar's Palace, The Mirage and Flamingo, and a block north of the Tropicana, Excalibur, MGM Grand and Luxor. The Aladdin features 1,200 suites and rooms, 3 gourmet restaurants, a coffee shop, a snack bar, a buffet restaurant, 24-hour room service, swimming pool, tennis courts, a 700-seat showroom ("Country Tonight"), a 100-seat lounge, and a 7,000-seat theatre for the performing arts. Rooms are elegantly appointed and feature private safes, a choice of two double beds or one king, and spectacular views. McCarran International Airport is less than 3 miles away. The Aladdin's casino is 50,000 square feet, airy (not at all smoky), and claims to have some of the loosest slot machines in Las Vegas. This hotel cares about guest safety and has installed an elaborate security system with video monitors overlooking all hallways on every floor.

BILL WORRALL

ROOM RATES: An unbelievable $36, exclusive of taxes. That's $36 per ROOM, or $18 per person, double occupancy. No more than two to a room, please. Room rates are applicable from June 3 through June 10, based on allotment. The hotel will hold these rates until May 1, 1994, or sell-out of our allotment of rooms (300), whichever comes first.

RESERVATIONS AND TERMS: Room reservations may be made by calling the hotel at (800) 634-3424 and stating that you are part of the *Chiron Rising* group. A one night's room deposit will be required, as well as a security deposit for telephone charges. Since this price is based upon our being able to fulfill our allotment, all attendees are required to stay in the host hotel (unless one lives in the Las Vegas area or the hotel sells out of rooms). Check-in can be no earlier than 3:00 p.m., and check-out must be no later than 12:00 noon.

WARNING: Our reduced allotment of rooms for Friday arrival is almost filled. Saturday arrival is now sold out. Reserve a room now, or you may get stuck in a less desirable hotel at a rate triple the above special rate. Worse, you may be completely left out in the cold if the Aladdin sells banquet space to others, thereby preventing us from accommodating those who want to sign up at the last minute.

CR REGISTRATION FEE AND TERMS

$120.00 per person (subject to space availability), payable to *Chiron Rising*. Cancellations prior to April 30, 1993, will be subject to a cancellation charge of $25.00. However, there can be no refunds after May 1, 1994, because we will have fully paid the hotel in advance. Special considerations will be made in matters of documented emergency.

INCLUDED IN REGISTRATION PACKAGE

1. Hospitality Room light refreshments (coffee, tea, sweet rolls, donuts, fruit, soft drinks, etc.) for three days and nights. Cocktails, beer and wine will be available from the hotel bars nearby.
2. Hospitality Room entertainment (video screenings, accompanied singers, etc.).
3. June 6 lavish dinner show, starring comedian/keyboard wizard, BILL WORRALL.
4. Hors d'oeuvres (from nuts to jumbo shrimp to rumaki) for gala cocktail parties on June 6th and 7th (cash bars).
5. June 8 farewell brunch buffet.

WHO'S INVITED

All mature men and their male admirers regardless of color, size, sexual orientation, political affiliation, religion and age (must be over 18, however). You do not have to be a CR subscriber, but you must register with CR in order to gain entry to the functions.

HOW TO REGISTER

Simply tell us you're coming and remit the appropriate funds to *Chiron Rising*, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393. In your note, state:

1. The full names and addresses of the persons you are registering so we can confirm receipt.
2. Your preference of smoker or nonsmoker and your telephone number ONLY IF YOU WANT A ROOMMATE (we haven't the time to pair you up by age or physical attributes, so please don't ask). We will advise the address and telephone number of your assigned roommate, and the two of you can decide on who makes/alters your reservations.

See you all there. And as model SHOE says, "LET'S DO IT SOME MORE IN NINETY-FOUR!"

The CR Staff

ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS
FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, BACK ISSUES AND CLASSIFIED ADS

NO ORDERING FORMS ARE NECESSARY. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS DROP US A NOTE AND TELL US WHAT YOU WANT FROM THE FOLLOWING LIST. IF YOU ARE SUBSCRIBING, MAKE SURE YOU ADVISE WHETHER YOU WANT TO START WITH THE CURRENT ISSUE OR THE UPCOMING NEW ONE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS	NO. AMERICA	ELSEWHERE
8 ISSUES - six bimonthly issues of CR and two semiannual issues of CR CLASSICS.	$50.00	$66.00
6 ISSUES - six bimonthly issues of CR only.	38.00	50.00
4 ISSUES - three bimonthly issues of CR and one semiannual issue of CR CLASSICS.	26.00	35.00
3 ISSUES - three bimonthly issues of CR only.	20.00	26.00

CR - REGULAR BACK ISSUES	NORTH AMERICA	ELSEWHERE
'93: #56, #57, #58, #59	3.00	6.00

(NOTE: Due to an unprecedented rush on back issues, we have sold out of all CR issues through 55 and CR CLASSICS #1.)

CR CLASSICS - SEMIANNUAL SPECIAL ISSUES		
#2 - SPRING/SUMMER 93	5.00	7.00
#3 - FALL/WINTER 93/94	8.00	10.00

We are not responsible for confiscation by customs officials. The above prices include postage, taxes and handling. All issues are mailed via First Class mail in the U.S. and via Printed Matter Air Mail elsewhere.

IMPORTANT: SIGN A STATMENT THAT YOU ARE OLD ENOUGH TO VOTE AND SEND YOUR ORDER NOTE TO OUR ADDRESS AS NOTED BELOW.

CLASSIFIED ADS

NOTE: IN ORDER FOR AN AD TO APPEAR IN ISSUE #61 (APRIL '94), IT MUST BE RECEIVED AT CR NO LATER THAN FEBRUARY15, 1994

Instructions are as follows:

1. On a sheet of paper, type or print your ad the way you want it to appear in CR, then figure your cost.
2. Multiply the number of words by 30 cents and multiply that times the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear.
3. If you are using a codeword *(An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you)*, you must multiply $5 by the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear and add to the total. If you do use a codeword, make sure it is unique. We will assign another name if your particular codeword has already been taken.
4. If you want to use your telephone number in the ad, you must include $5 for a one time verification and add that to the total as well (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

IMPORTANT:

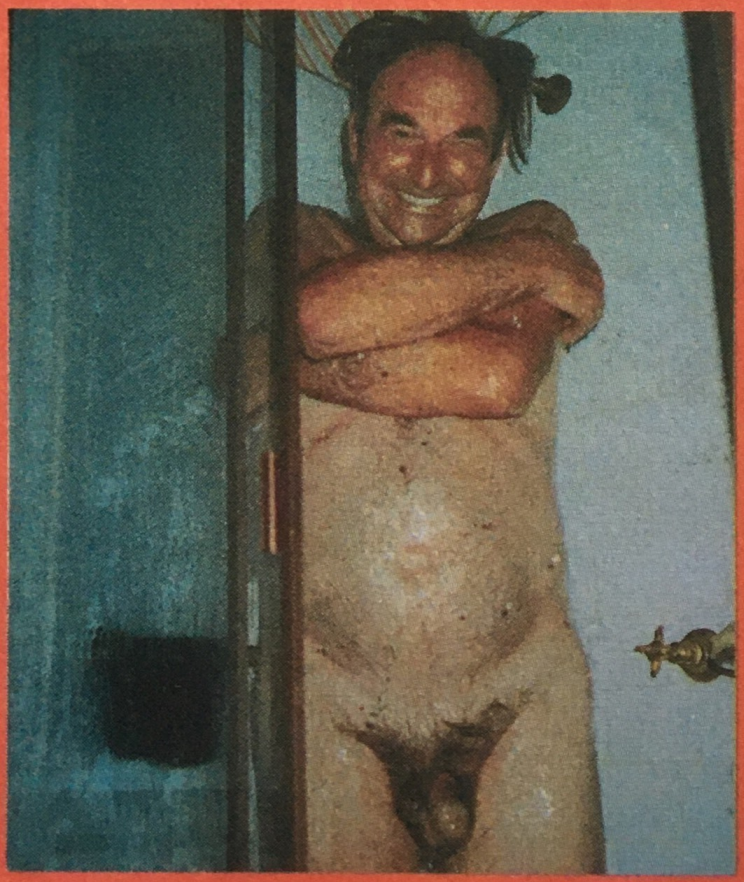
YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER".

YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE.

WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO ALTER, RE-WRITE OR REJECT ANY AD WE FEEL IS NOT IN THE BEST INTEREST OF THIS PUBLICATION.

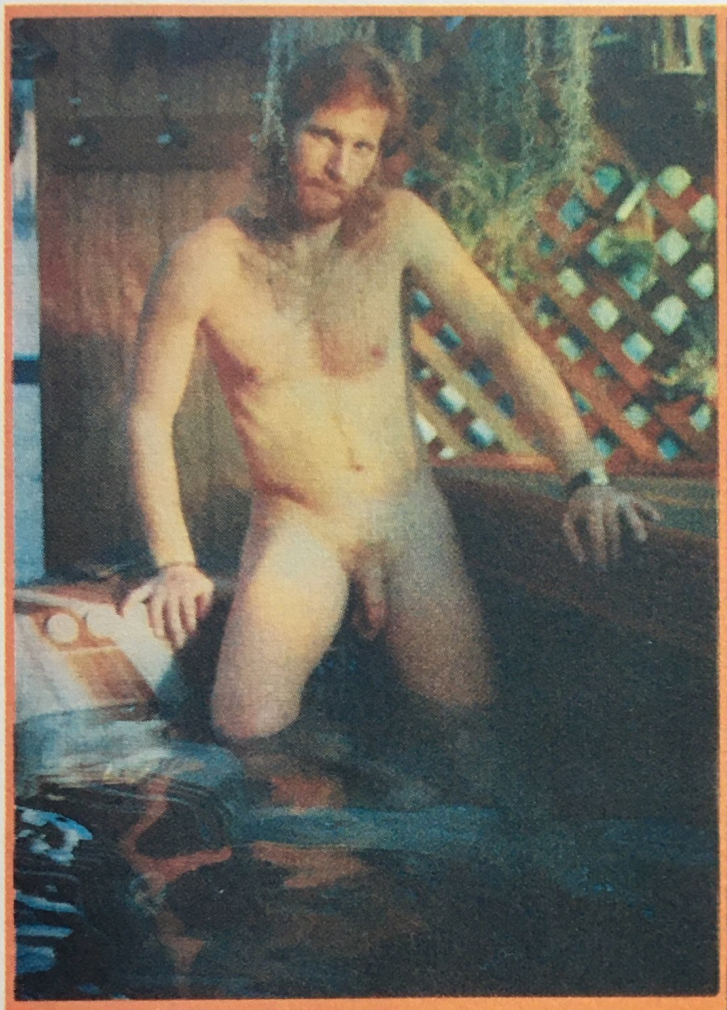
YOUR REAL NAME, ADDRESS AND SIGNATURE AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR NOTE INDICATES THAT YOU AUTHORIZE THE PRINTING OF THE AD AND TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY INCIDENT OR RELATIONSHIP RESULTING THEREFROM. YOUR AD WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THIS INFORMATION INCLUDED.

Enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (money order only from overseas—no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. Send cash at your own risk; it should be mailed well-disguised via certified mail. Mail to CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393. [4864Luna,Phelan)



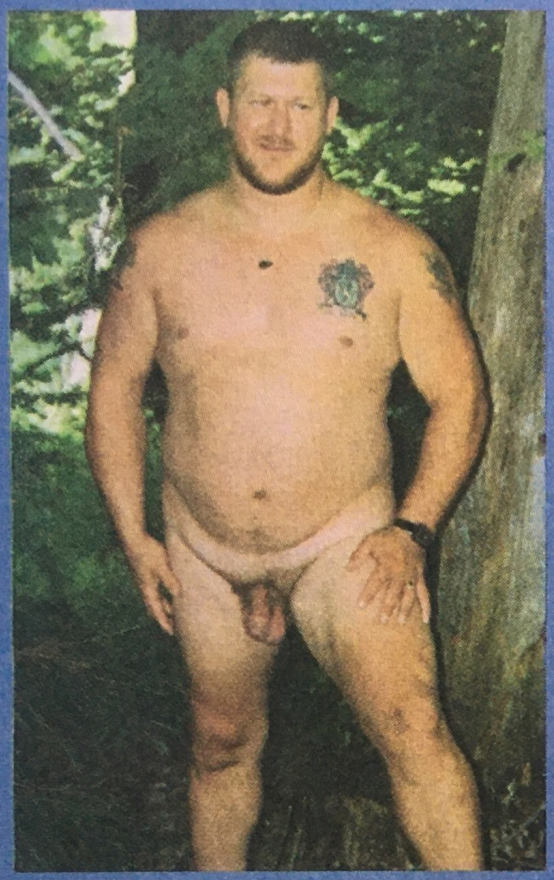
Top, left to right: **CLEANING DICK**; **BIKIE BLOKE**. Bottom, left to right: **TUMBLE TOM**; **JINKER JACK**

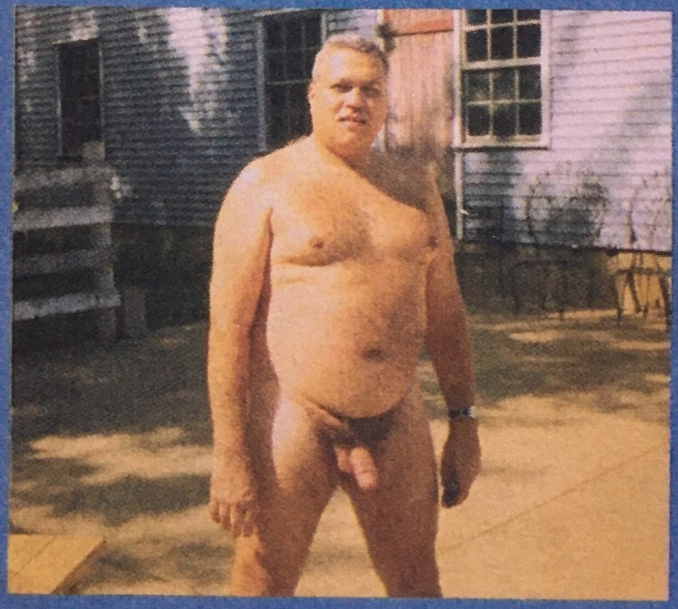
Top, left to right: **BILL WORRALL** - photo by RICHIE II; **PAUL II** - photo by JOEL. Bottom: **JAMES I & II** - a self-portrait; **RICCO** - photo by EDUARDO.



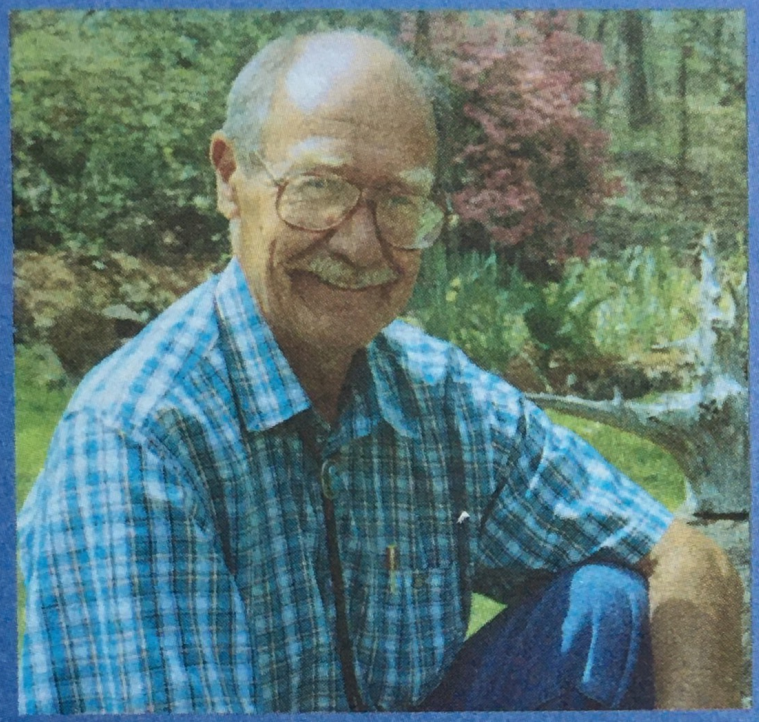
Top, left to right: **RED MOON** - photo by WOTAN; **JMM** - photo by JJ II. Bottom, left to right: **MANUEL** - photo by J. ARMANDON; **HANSRUDOLF** - photo by WERNER.

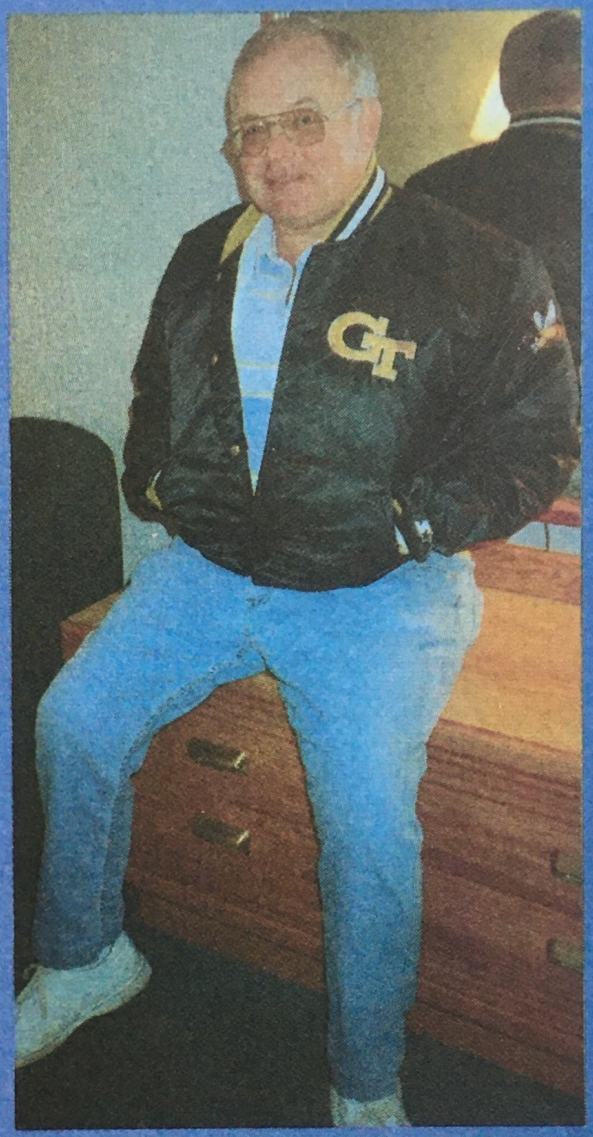
SUB-SENIOR NUDES

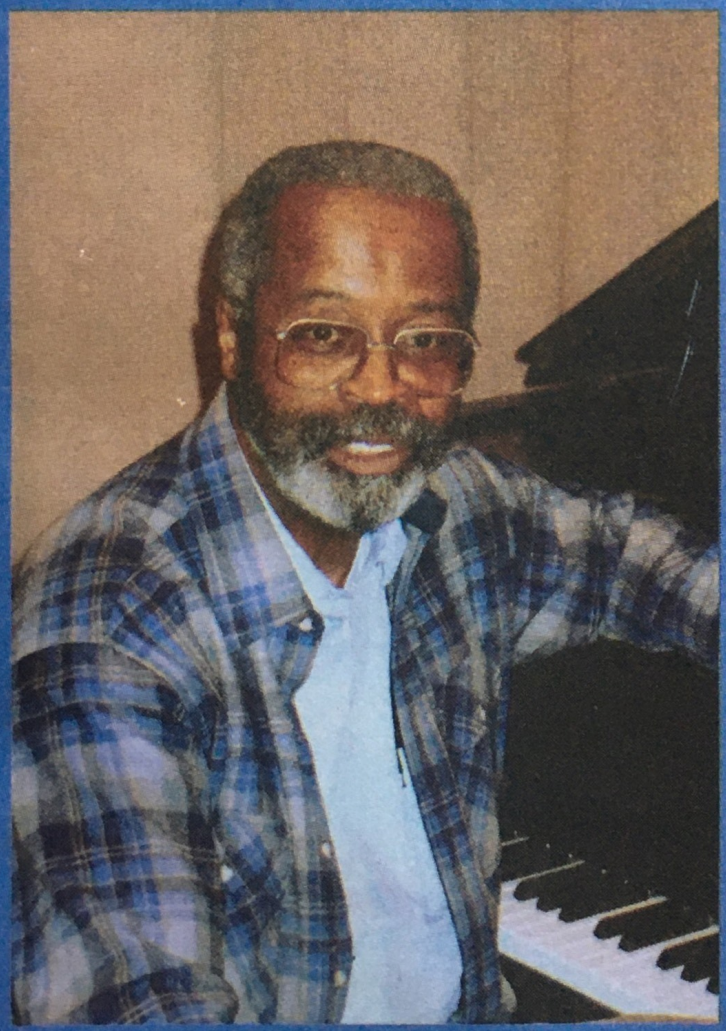


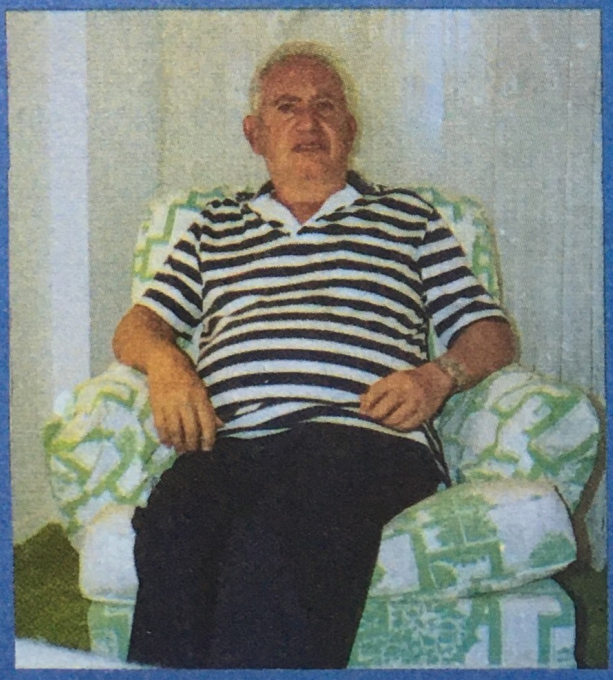


60 Top, left to right: **SMITTY** - photo by LEN; **QUETZAL** - photo by PLOVER. Bottom, left to right: **SMILEY** - photo by JOE; **HOLLYTREE** - photo by KARL





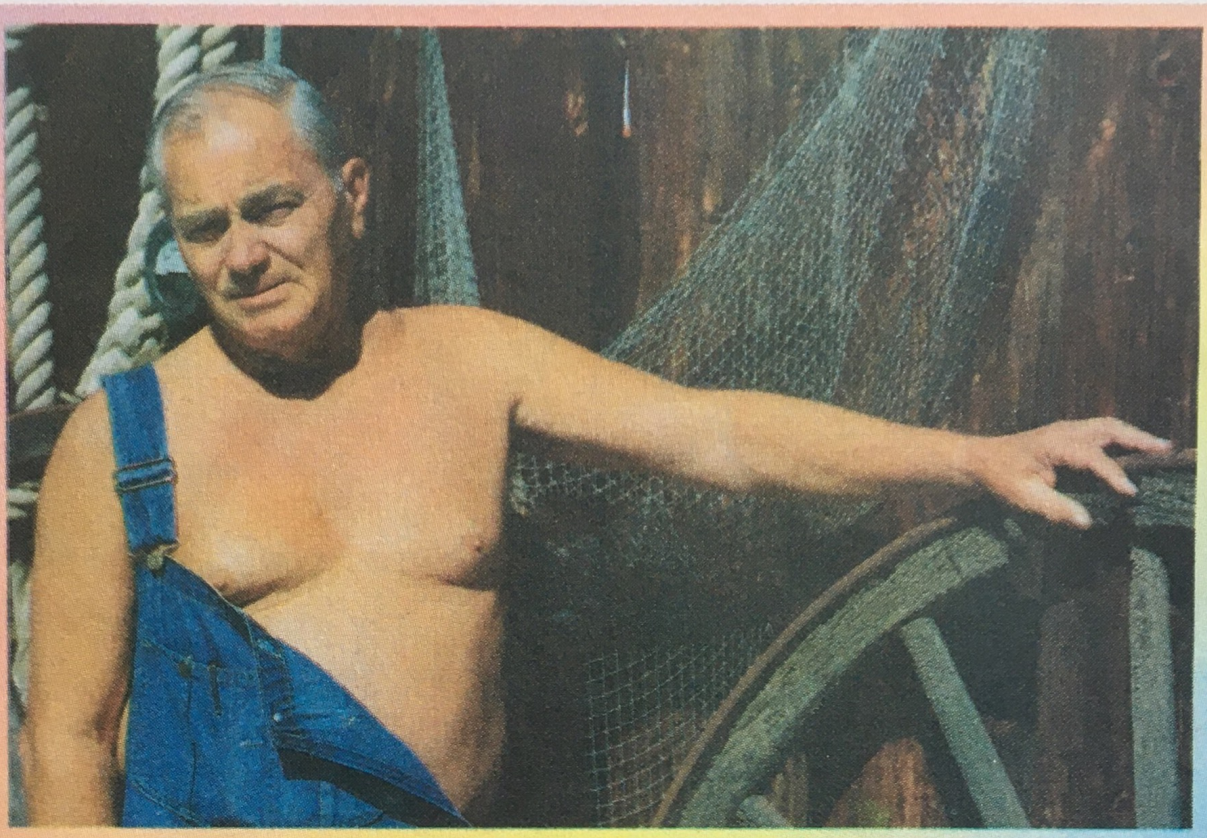




Top, left to right: **AXOLOTL**- photo by TAY; **SMOKEY MOUNTAIN BEAR** - photo by KIM. Bottom, left to right: **JACOB** - photo by LORIS; **DIOGENES**, a self-portrait.

HERMAN THE GERMAN

photos by RICHIE II



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